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JANE ✓ ROWLEY'S

SCRAP BOOK.

SIXTY YEARS' GLEANINGS.

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BOSTON:

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1888.

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1888,
BY JANE ROWLEY.

MR. EDITOR:

In giving to the public the gleanings of sixty years, I feel as if I was parting with an old friend, but if they enjoy the reading as I have the compiling, I shall be amply rewarded for my trouble.

JANE ROWLEY.

POETRY.

Oh ! poetry, source of purest delight,
That can best breathe the feelings most dear to the heart ;
That soul is involved in the darkness of night,
Which proves not the pleasure 'tis thine to impart.

The calm light of friendship, the warm glow of love,
Thro' thee most expressively speak to the soul ;
And the sad tale of pity most deeply can move
When thy voice o'er our feelings exerts its control.

Then here be thy gems as in memory's store,
Preserved by the fostering protection of taste.
I will sweetly beguile a lone hour to explore
The gems that we thus have laid carefully past.

Nor here while more noble productions we nurse,
Let the feelings of an humbler muse be forgot ;
But let them be cherished whatever their source,
In the Scrap Book preserved from oblivion's dark lot.

To every trifle scorn to take offence,
It shows much pride or little sense ;
Good nature and good sense must always join,—
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

THE POLE'S ADIEU.

Star of my soul farewell !
I go to war and danger,
I haste to meet in conflict fell
 The proud invading stranger.
I leave thee, love, to save the land,—
 The land we dearly cherish,
To break the link that binds the brave,
 To rescue or to perish.
 Farewell, farewell.

Star of my soul, thy light
 No more shall shine before me,
The flame of war glances redly bright,
 Destruction hovers o'er me ;
Yet mourn not, love, for me,
 Remember, tho' we sever,
The patriot brave who falls shall be
 With glory crowned forever.
 Farewell, farewell.

By indolence, much is to be lost, and there is but little to be got by it, and lazy bones are particularly unamiable. Where is the woman who can bear laziness in a man whom she honors with a place in her heart?

THE BRIDE'S FATHER.

The last kiss is given, the last adieu sighed,
The bridegroom's away with his beautiful bride ;
Alone sits the father, alone in his years !
The mansion is silent, the old man in tears.
He thinks of her sweetness that soothed every care,
And he fondly looks up as expecting her there,—
Ah ! when was the time he such sorrow had shown,
And she came not? — but now the old man weeps alone.

And could she remember his fondness, that threw
Fresh flowers o'er her path, every moment she knew,
That granted each wish her light heart could prefer,
Who in the wide world had but her — only her ?
Oh nature ! how strange and unfeeling appears
This breaking of all the affections of years,
For one who a summer ago was unknown,
Yet that one has her heart, — the old man weeps alone.

No, not for a crown as an emperor's bride,
Had I quitted a father's affectionate side !
I'd think on his evenings, long, lonely and dim,
And prize not a love not unconnected with him ;
Deem'd the one who'd have sooth'd not my father's decline,
(How'er he might love me) unworthy of mine,
Nor changed the affections 'neath which I have grown,
Nor left a fond father, old, cheerless and lone.

By E. Swain.

'TIS SWEET TO LOVE IN CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sweet to love in childhood, when the souls that we
bequeath,

Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we wreath ;
When we feed the gentle robin and caress the leaping
hound,

And linger latest in the spot where buttercups are found ;
When we seek the bee and lady-bird with laughter, shout
and song,

And think the days for wooing them can never be too
long.

'Tis sweet to love in childhood, and though waked by
meanest things,

The music that the heart yields then will never leave its
strings.

'Tis sweet to love in after years, the dear one by our side,
To dote with all the mingled joys of fashion, hope and
pride ;

To think the chain around our heart will hold still warm
and fast,

And grieve to think that death will come to break that
chain at last ;

But when the rainbow span of bliss is waning hue by
hue,—

When eyes forget their kindly beams, and lips become
untrue,—

When stricken hearts are pining on through many a lonely hour,
Who would not sigh, “ ‘Tis sweeter far to love the bird and flower”?

’Tis sweet to love in ripened age the trumpet blast of fame,
To pant to live in glory’s scrolls, though blood may trace the name ;
’Tis sweet to love the heap of gold and hug it to our breast,
To trust it as the guiding star and anchor of our rest ;
But such devotion will not serve, however strong the zeal,
To overthrow the altar where our childhood used to kneel ;
Some bitter moments shall o’ercast the sum of wealth and power,
And then proud man would fain go back to worship bird and flower.

A woman should be the directing power that sets the machine of domestic life in motion, but she ought to be as careful that her influence is rather felt than seen, as a good watchmaker will exclude from the sight, the spring on which the watch depends.

Silence is the softest response for all the contradictions that arise from impertinence, vulgarity and envy.

Know ye the land where no pain or sorrow
Shall darken the brow, or shall bow down the head,—
Where no grief of to-day, and no thought of the-morrow
Shall reach the glad heart, or appal it with dread?
Know ye the land of the spirit of peace,
Where the joys never lessen, the hymns never cease,
Where the friend of our bosom here lost in the tomb
Shall meet us again ever freed from its gloom?
Where the hearts here divided, united shall rest,
And be healed of their woes in the realms of the blest,
Where the tear shall not quench the bright beams of the
eye,
Where the hope here destroy'd meet fruition on high,
And spirit with spirit in love only vie?
And the arm that chastised be extended to save,
When the morn shall arise on the night of the grave.
'Tis the home of the past, 'tis the region of truth,
Where her children shall dwell in the region of youth.
Oh! dearer than aught to the sorrow worn soul,
Are the dreams of that land and the hope of that goal.

WOMAN.

Some waltz, some draw; some fathom the abyss
Of metaphysics, others are content
With music, the most moderate shine as wits,
While others have a turn for fits. — *Byron.*

THE RIVALS.

Two rivals, young and aged met,
Within the fairy bay,
Where Beauty and her radiant set
Of smiles and glances play.
The one was Love, so fond and fair ;
The other Gold, the millionaire.

“ How’s this,” cried Gold,
“ That Love’s so bold,—
A pirate on the coast,
Where wealthy I
Have sovereignty,
As Beauty’s fain to boast?”
Love curled her handsome lip with pride,
Said Gold was base, and basely lied,
To which quoth Gold, “ she can’t endure
The beggar Love — the boy is poor.”
Friends interposed, the duel stay’d,
Wisely advising, “ try the maid,”
So bending low in Beauty’s bower
Each ply’d their art with all their power.

Love lit the beacons of his eyes,
And Beauty blushed for joy ;
Love whispered burning words and sighs,
Then Beauty kissed the boy.
“ Ah, Love,” said she, “ come weal or woe,

With you alone through life I go.”
The graceful youth
Believed it truth,
And came out gay and bold.
“ Now, sir, advance,”
With haughty glance
He said to scornful Gold ;
Love’s yellow rival bent his knee
To Beauty with a pedigree,
A casket, carriage, lackeys tall,
Soiree and rout, and frequent ball.
“ Oh ! dear Gold,” false Beauty cried,
“ I’ll jilt fond Love, and be your bride.”
Gold tied the knot, Love left the shore,
Now Love and Beauty meet no more.

A THOUGHT.

I’ve seen at early morning’s hour,
The dew-drop sparkle on the flower,
And marked the sun-beam o’er it play,
Then steal it to the skies away.
And thus I’ve thought is pity’s tear,
Shed by us erring mortals here,—
But snatched by heaven and treasured there
With Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Prayer.

J. F. Clark.

THE MAN I LOVE.

I love an open countenance,
A kind and noble face,—
The index of an honest heart
That loves the human race !
A brow on which a smile is thron'd
Like sunlight on a flower,
As open as the regal skies
With beams of love and power !

I love the kind and welcome glance
That proves we're not alone ;
And oh ! how sweet at times to find
Some feelings like our own !
A heart that beats with purest hopes,
To pity and to bless ;
That strives to make earth's comforts more —
Its pains and follies less !

I love the man whose generous smile
Is given with his hand,
Who sees his equal in all men,
And all men equal stand !
Who sees not the distinction made
By human laws between,
The man who has, and who has not,
But loves from what he's seen.

I love the man whose heart is true,
Who seldom wears a frown,
And loves all men, from him who toils
To him who wears a crown !
With mildness ever on his lip,
A free and open mind, —
A mind with mental grandeur span'd,
A soul supremely kind.

BENEVOLENCE.

We should never in any way consent to the ill treatment of animals, because the fear of ridicule or some other fear, prevents our interfering. As to there being anything really trifling in any act of humanity, however slight, it is moral blindness to suppose so. The few moments in the course of each day, which a man absorbs in some worldly pursuit, may be carefully expended in kind words or trifling charities to those around him, and kindness to animals is one of them, are perhaps, in the sight of heaven, the only time he has lived worthy of recording.

He who first arouses in the bondsman the sense and soul of freedom, comes as near as is permitted to man — nearer than the philosopher, nearer than the poet — to the great attributes of God.

LONG YEARS HAVE PASSED.

BY THOMAS MORE.

Long years have passed, old friend, since we

First met in life's young day ;

And friends long loved by thee and me

Since then have pass'd away ;

But enough remains to cheer us on,

And sweeten when thus we're met,

The glass we fill to the many gone,

And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,

And some hang white and chill ;

While some like flow'rs 'mid autumn's snow,

Retain youth's color yet.

And so in our hearts, thoughts one by one,

Youth's sunny hopes have set ;

Thank heaven, not all their light is gone,—

We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long

May thou and I thus meet

To brighten still with wine and song,

This short life, ere it fleet.

And still, as death comes stealing on,

Let's never, old friend forget,

E'en though we sigh o'er blessings gone,

How many are left us yet.

MORN'S OFFERING.

The prize of the golden violet, for the six verses on a botanical subject, has, at length been awarded, by a committee appointed at the Feite Champetre, on the 20th June, to the author of the effusion having the above title, and signed "Francis." The fortunate competitor for the second prize (a book) is the writer whose real name is disguised under the fanciful signature—"I wish I may get it." Of the pieces whose poetical merit the Committee considered of a high order, are those signed "Mary," "M," "Alonzo," "E. L. L." and "K." The second prize will when received, be forwarded to the winner. The following is the prize poem :

As night stole away from a wild flowery nook,
And morning awaking, her dewy wings shook,
 A low silver sound
 Was heard all around ;
 Each leaflet and cup
 In rapture sent up
Its devotion and love, on the wings of the morn,
And their incense to God was triumphantly borne.

The Rose sent her blushes, all tearful with dew,
The Pansy, sweet thought, ever changeful and new
 The Poppy its bloom,
 Sweetbriar its perfume,
 The Hawthorne sent showers
 Of sweet-scented flowers,
And the Daisy its modesty flinging o'er morn,
It seem'd e'en her glittering charms to adorn.

The Bramble, the moral its pointed thorns teach,
You must all feel their touch, ere its fruits you may reach.

And from a moss bed
Just raising its head,
The lone, the forsaken
Sweet Primrose awaking,

Sighed, "Bear on thy wings to the regions of bliss,
The love of a heart that is slighted in this."

The Broom sent the grace that each motion betrays,
As the kiss of the wind every golden bough sways;

The Woodbine spread wide
Its proud arms and cried,—
Bear, bear on thy wing
To the heavenly king,

The fond clinging love,—the rich aspirations
Of a heart that is,—that is breaking in this.

The Harebell its meekness and purity threw,
And its colors to blend with the heavens, own blue.

Forget-me-not flung
Those offerings among
Remembrances soft—
To be borne up aloft,

To that home in the skies, in whose heavenly bowers,
Morn pours out the incense of sweet welding flowers.

And think you the giver of life and of light,
In the realms of the blessed, the pure and the bright,

Regards not the sweets,
The balmy air greets,
From garden and dell,
Where gay flowers dwell?

Yes, yes! to his throne is triumphantly borne
The incense of flowers on the wings of the morn.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. . . . It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we love dearly in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover over us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten.

A worthy Baronet of Erin's clime had a famed telescope in his possession, and on a time, of its engaging powers he made profession. "Your church," cried he, "is distant near a mile, yet when I view it steady for a while, upon a bright and sunny day, my glass so strong and clear, does bring the church so near that I can hear the organ play."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

The beautiful girl a chaplet wove,
 Of violets, heart's-ease and rose,
And she called it an emblem of woman's love,
 But her specimens all were untrue.

The rose that blushes to each man's sigh,
 That blooms yet blooms as before,
Is no emblem of that which can never die,
 Or dying can bloom no more.

The modest violet simple and pure,
 But she who like it can impart
Her sweetness to all around her, be sure
 Love never has touched her heart.

And heart's-ease, why the very name's a spell,
 Love has doubly vowedly to break,
Look upon her who has loved and tell
 The tale that you read on her cheek.

And rose ! oh, she knew as little of love,
 Who could fancy an emblem in this,
Whoever has felt its pangs and would prove
 In exchange any earthly bliss.

No, give me the lofty and lone aloe,
 Scarce known to our northern skies ;
That, that is like woman's love, for oh !
 It blossoms but once and dies.

IT SPOILS A MAN TO MARRY HIM.

Believe, dear girls, this maxim true,
In precept and in practice, too,
That it spoils a man to marry him :
The creature never ought to go
Beyond a honeymoon or so ;
If they survive that, they will show
That it spoils a man to marry him.
When first he kneels before your feet,
How soft his words ! his looks so sweet !

But it spoils a man to marry him :

When once a late consent he'll wring
And get your finger in the ring,
Oh ! then he's quite another thing.

It spoils a man to marry him.

Have you a fancy ? you must drop it,
A will it may be ? you must lop it
Before you think of marrying.
And even if you venture then,
Select the very worst of men ;
If not, nine chances out of ten
'Twill spoil the wretch to marry him.
Now lady fair, I must tell you
For fear that you might chance to rue,
Don't please the wretch to marry him.

But, lady fair, should this offend,
Just please yourself, for in the end
Perhaps he'll prove a trusty friend,
Then love the lad and marry him.

BEAUTY.

Oh ! what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with its light.
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,
The flower that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sun-beams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.

STANZA.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

On hearing a lady sing an Irish melody.

Louise ! Louise ! what strains are these
That fall upon mine ear the while ?
'Tis music's voice, and thine own choice
Sweet breathing from the Emerald Isle !

There is a land that all men claim,
Where'er the spot on rounded earth ---
Whate'er the clime, whate'er the name —
Land of our fathers and our birth.

Old England has its vales of green,
And Scotland has its woods of pine ;
And, fair Louise ! thy songs, I ween,
Tell that loved Erin's land is thine.

I love the Isle from whence thou'rt sprung,
Land of the brave, the kind, the free :
Where harps high-toned, by minstrels strung
Have waked their sweetest melody !

Thy sires, Louise ! in lordly halls
Held sway,—on the battle plain
Show'd deeds, which thy song recalls
We hope may not return again.

Too much of blood — too much of war
Hath England, Erin, Scotland seen :—
This had been one bright scene below
Had man to man as brother been.

We seek not fame that still is ours,
For high in thought, and bold in hand,
Have stood our sires, with giant powers,
The guardians of our fatherland !

But give us peace, and give us love,—
The rose, the thistle, shamrock green —
United thus like stars above,
Each in his track shall bright be seen.

Fair lady! wake thy song again,
Thee and its strains the bard adores ;
'Tis Erin's voice across the main,
Soft sounding on our Scottish shore.

SONNETS.

BY C. B. WYATT.

NIGHT.

Dear hours of night ! how many a soul confined
In daily bonds awaits thy still return,—
Whether it longs o'er cherished griefs to mourn,
From which with jealous care it wish to blind
Familiar gaze, or, free as rushing winds
Burst from Æolian caverns, wanders o'er
Hope's airy realms, or memory's far off shore,
Now soaring, pausing now : for night is kind
To raptures such as these, and oft I wean
Hath she beheld the solitary tear
Hid from day's gaudy eye, in secret seen
The heart revealed, or the perception clear
Brought back the look of kindness that has been,
And distant voices to the dreaming ear.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius,
as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Is love a mere passion, an excitement? Is it not rather a mystic affinity existing in kindred minds, latent, perhaps, till circumstances bring them within the sphere of its mysterious agency? Is the beautiful apostrophe all fable, that the souls of those individuals of either sex, intended for each other, receive at their formation the impress of their destiny, however widely separated at their birth, and know and recognize each other. God forbid.

RETROSPECTION.—When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we then remember words or looks of unkindness which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them. How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfillment of those offices of affection, which it may be in our power to perform, for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation.

Foul jealousy! that turnest love divine to joyless dread, or makest the loving heart with hateful thoughts to languish and to pine. And feed itself with self-consuming smart. Of all the passions of the mind thou vilest art.—*Spencer.*

Woe to him that removeth the ancient land-mark,
For a serpent shall sting him.
Woe to him that increases that which is not his,
And establishes his house with blood !
Woe to him that dealeth treacherously,
For when he shall make an end of dealing treacherously,
Others shall deal treacherously by him !

I LOVE HER, HOW I LOVE HER.

I love her, how I love her,
Tho' mine, alas ! , she ne'er can be,
The sun that shines above her,
Is far less bright to me ;
Tho' time by tears I measure,
I prize my fatal treasure,
And find a fatal pleasure
In suffering sweet for thee.

I love her, how I love her.

Deep, deep in my bosom concealing,
The fierce flame, the flame that consumes me,
Ne'er, ne'er e'er to thee shall my lips reveal
All the woes I feel ; the voice of honor I obey,
It speaks in friendship's sacred name,
And to my heart alone I say, —
I love her, how I love her.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one house with glee.
Their graves are scattered far and wide,
By mount, by stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night,
O'er each fair sleeper's brow ;
She had each flower in her sight,—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the lone blue sea has one,
He lies where pearls lie deep,
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fann'd,
She faded midst Italian bowers,
The last of that bright land.

And parted thus the rest, who played,
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas ! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth ! — *Hemans.*

THE MARINER'S FAREWELL TO HIS SHIP.

Farewell to thee, my gallant ship, thy race is run at last,
Thy timbers o'er the troubled waves in wild confusion
cast ;
Ah ! never more I'll see thee in thy loveliness and pride,
Bound boldly o'er the billows, or dash the surf aside.

Oh ! to see thee in thy beauty, careering through the
deep,
While laughing waters round thy prow in gladness doth
leap ;
Thy snowy sails, thy stately spars, thy streamers flashing
free,
I did not think that fate could harm so fair a thing as
thee.

"Thou lookest so like a thing of life," I never dreamt
the wave,

Whose offspring thou didst seem to be, would prove at
last thy grave.

Full many a steep and stormy sea thou'st swept in triumph
o'er,

But now, alas ! my fearless ship, thou'll brave the waves
no more.

No more I'll tread thy slippery deck, or climb thy
haughty mast,

Which scarcely deigned to bend before the breeze that
galloped past,

Thou liest with a winding sheet of foam encircling round,
Thy dirge the whistling tempest, or the surges' sullen
sound.

My early friends have passed away, my only love is laid
In sorrow and in silence, beneath the willow shade ;
Thou wast the sole remaining thing that I could call my
own,

Thou too art gone, and I am left upon the world alone.

TO THE VIOLET.

Oh ! would sweet flower that I might be
Destined to live in shade like thee,
Seen but by few and known to none,

Save those that seek me as their own,—
To bloom upon my native ground
With those I love encircling round,
To be a harbinger of spring,
A lovely yet a fragile thing,
And when I die, sweet flower to be
Still loved for purity,—like thee.

SONG.

If after all thou still will doubt and fear me,
And think this heart to other loves will stray ;
If I must swear then lovely doubter hear me,
By every dream I have when thou'rt away,
By every throb I feel when thou art near me,
I love but thee — I love but thee.

By those dark eyes where light is ever playing,
Where love in depths of shadow holds his throne ;
And by those lips which give what'er thou'rt saying,
Or grave or gay a music of its own,
A music far beyond all minstrels playing,—
I love but thee — I love but thee.

By that fair brow where innocence reposes,
As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow ;
And by that cheek whose fleeting blush discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee — I love but thee.

“PAPA, WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER, AND WHAT
DOES IT CONTAIN?”

Organs, that means play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day,
Whatever it be,
The hit on the key,
And pipe in full chorus, away, my boy.

News from all countries and climes,
Advertisements, essays and rhymes.
Mixed up with all sorts
Of (f)lying retorts,
And published at regular times.

Articles able and wise,
At least in the editor's eyes,
And logic so grand,
That few understand
To what in the world it applies.

Statistics, reflections, reviews,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse,
And lengthy debate
Upon matters of State,
For wise-headed folks to peruse.

The funds as they were, as they are,
The quibs and the quirks of the bar,

And every week
A clever critique
On some clever theatrical star.

The age of Jupiter's moons,
The stealing of somebody's spoons,
The state of the crops,
The style of the sops,
And the wit of the public buffoon.

List of all physical ills,
Banished by somebody's pills,
Till you ask with surprise,
Why any one dies,
Or what's the disorder that kills?

Who has got married, to whom,—
Who were cut off in their bloom,
Who has had birth
On this sorrow-stained earth,
And who totters fast to the tomb?

The price of cattle and grain,
Directions to dig and to drain ;
But 'twould take me too long
To tell you in song
A quarter of all they contain.

THE CANTEEN.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship, and ties of flowers,

And true lovers' knots I ween ;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this —
We have drank from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk,
But whatever the tiple has been,
We shared it together in bane or bliss,
And I warm to thee, friend, when I think of this —
We have drank from the same canteen.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green ;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this,
We have drank from the same canteen.

We have shared our blanket and tent together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been ;
Had days of battle and days of rest,

But this memory I cling to and love the best,
We have drank from the same canteen.

For wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean ;
Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast, it seemed both should have died,
We drank from the same canteen.

COURAGE IN WOMEN.

There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women, as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed to some persons courage may seem as unnecessary as Latin or Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make woman happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live than courage. There are many women of the present day, sensible women in other things, whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go with courage ! and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vapor of the mind.

How noiselessly the snow comes down. You may see it, but never hear it. It is true charity. Has any one wounded you with injuries? Meet them with patience; hasty words rankle the wound; kindness dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar. Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing, and repining are idle and profitless employments. Speak nothing but what may benefit others or yourself. Avoid trifling conversation.

CULTIVATION OF WOMAN'S MIND.

It is a wrong view of things to suppose that a just cultivation of woman's mental powers will take them out of their sphere. The most cultivated women perform their common duties best. They see more in those duties. They can do more. Lady Jane Grey would, I dare say, have bound up a wound, or managed a household with any unlettered woman of her day. Queen Elizabeth did manage a kingdom, and we find no pedantry in her way of doing it. . . .

Not as the worldling bids farewell
When earthly wishes bound his view,
None but the Christian's tongue can tell,
The fulness of that word, adieu.

THE CIRCASSIAN SLAVE.

A maiden young, with fair hair flowing,
Scarce covered with a linen white,
Lies amid other wares deep glowing,
In the bazaar, exposed to sight.

Not far from her, deep wrapt and sunken,
And gazing on her youthful charms,
A young man stands, his fond eye drunken,
Dress'd as a slave, with folded arms.

The broker cries, “Look here, ye buyers!
From Caucasus, a lovely child;
When saw ye eyes with brighter fires,
A form more fair, a face so mild?”

“From head to foot such beauties grace her,
That were I of Algiers the Dey,
In my seraglios list to place her
Good twenty purses full I'd pay!”

So fair a form of alabaster,
No Moslem house as yet can claim,
“I offer fifty gold piasters!”
A Bashaw cries, with eysc of flame.

“I'll give sixty!” says an Emir,
Whose heart beat high within his breast;
“An hundred!” says an Aga, “look here,
I offer more than all the rest!”

“No !” an Effendi calls, “believe me,
A hundred is too small a sum ;
I will fifty more to have thee ;
Thou’rt mine, young maiden,—rise and come !”

“Not yet !” exclaims a Greek ; “my masters,
Those eyes as bright as the gazelle,
Are worth two hundred gold piastres,
That every one must know full well.”

“I bid four hundred golden pieces !”
A Moscovite’s loud voice proclaims ;
“That price this maiden releases,
So, bidders all, withdraw your claims !”

And with rude grasp the Russian taking,
The young Circassian by the hands,
See how that youth, as if awaking,
Soon by her side in fury stands,

And cries, “Not yet, O, Russian, hast thou
Obtained this maiden as thy slave !
For know, a price for her I’ll bid now
Ten times as great as all you gave !”

The maiden joyous, but still fearful,
Starts as she hears that well-loved tone ;
No music e’er seemed half so cheerful,
As sounds her lover’s voice — her own !

But see with anger deeply burning,
The Russian seize his yatagan,
And cry, "your price?" in fury turning—
"You tawny dog from Afghanistan!"

"Her freedom!" thundered the Circassian,
With eyes that flamed wild rage and hate;
And sudden paleness seized each other,
Whose cheeks had burned and glowed of late.

For see! a poignard bright disclosing,
He pierces through that virgin breast;
The maiden sinks, her bright eyes closing,
Clasp'd in his arms, to endless rest.

In vain each dagger bright now glances,
No steel shall touch him but his own;
Long e'er that angry troop advances,
Both souls in joy to heaven had flown.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—"There is something to me," says Byron, "very softening in the presence of a woman, some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in a better humor with myself and everything else if there is a woman within ken."

NOTHING IS LOST.

Aside from its excellent moral, is not the following very musical and beautiful ?

Nothing is lost, the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
. Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower ;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost, the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown ;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
Uttered they are not all forgot ;
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass on but perish not.
So with our deeds, or good, or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood ;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.

TO——.

Of all the flowers that sweetly blow,
 You ask which is most dear to me ;
I love them best that native grow,
 And unassuming bloom like thee.

And first I love the violet sweet,
 Content it blooms, though none may see
The applausive gaze it does not seek,
 But hides its modest worth like thee.

And the vale lily's virgin white,
 Its forms and emblems well agree,
Tho' simply clothed it glads the sight,
 Though unobtrusive charms like thee.

I love the wild forget-me-not,
 Where labor rests it does not flee,
But grows aft the rustic's cot,
 And breathes contentment round like thee.

I love the rose because its cheek
 Glows fresh with health and cheerful glee,
Its tints the touch of beauty speak,
 'Tis beauty's favorite, 'tis thee.

To number more were waste of time,
 In short whate'er their forms may be

Whate'er their hues, whate'er their clime,
I love them most when most like thee.

The laws of politeness should be observed not only between intimate friends, but between members of the same family, and those households are most peaceful and happy where the courtesies of good society are observed. There need not, and ought not to be formality ; but little attention between brothers and sisters, making mutual esteem, prevent that carelessness and hardness which is most apt to creep into the family, and which grow out of intimacy. It is good manners and consideration for each others feelings that prevents familiarity engendering contempt.

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept, and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose ;
Dazzled and charmed he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

A friend that you have to buy wont be worth what you have to pay for him, no matter how little that may be.

Leave your 'grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them at that time will require answering.

THE PARROT.

The deep affections of the breast,
That heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged came o'er,
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

The spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For those he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathry land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf,
His golden eye.

But, petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day ;
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew grey.

At last when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,

A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropp'd down and died.

This incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mulla, from the family to whom the bird belonged.
—*Thomas Campbell.*

LINES WRITTEN UPON SEEING MULVANY'S
PICTURE OF "FIRST LOVE," IN THE
IRISH EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

BY ELIZABETH AUCHINLECK.

Aye, gaze upon her face, impassioned boy,
In its sweet bashfulness and timid joy !
Thine is a trustful homage, free from art,
The earnest worship of an untaught heart !

Nought throughout after-life thy sight shall bless,
One thousandth part so rich in loveliness,
As that young peasant girl, so simply fair
With her unsanded feet and braided hair.

Boyhood will flee away — the time will come
When for the haunts of men thou'l leave thy home ;
Yet oft will memory turn so fondly still
To that companion dear, and lonely hill.

And years will pass, till dim as some sweet dream,
The vision of thy early years will seem ;
But never, never, quite from out thy heart
Will the lone echo of her voice depart.

And thou may'st love again—aye, passionately,
And past expression dear thy idol be ;
But the first love of youth's a precious thing,
A fragrant flower that knows no second spring !

Thus mused I as I gazed with spell-bound eyes,
And blessed the “Art that could immortalize.”

TRUTH.

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch,
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the light and life of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

It is the word that doth divide
“The marrow from the bone,”
And in effect of heavenly love
Doth show the Holy One.

RECREATION.—Make thy recreation servant to thy business, lest thou become slave to thy recreation. When thou goest up into the mountain leave this servant in the valley. When thou goest to the city, leave him in the suburbs, and remember the servant must not be greater than the master.

MARY MACHREE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

The words of this beautiful song appeared in the last number but one of the *Artist-Authors*, “L. S. D.” The air to which they are wedded is plaintive and pathetic.

The flower of the valley was Mary MaChree ;
Her smiles all bewitching were lovely to see,
The bees round her humming, when summer was gone,
When the roses were fled might her lips take for one.

Her laugh it was music, her breath it was balm ;
Her heart, like the lake, was as pure and as calm,
Till love o'er her came, like a breeze o'er the sea,
And made the heart heave of sweet Mary MaChree.

She loved, and she wept ; for when was gladness e'er known

To dwell in the bosom that love made his own ?
His joys are but moments, his griefs are for years ;
He comes all in smiles and leaves all in tears !
Her lover was gone to a far distant land,
And Mary in sadness would pace the lone strand,
And tearfully gaze on the dark rolling sea
That parted her soldier from Mary MaChree.

To these is added another verse, by Mr. James Stonehouse, of Liverpool.

Oh ! pale grew her cheek when there came from afar,
The tales of the battle, and tidings of war ;
Her eyes filled with tears, when the clouds gathered
dark,
For fancy would picture some tempest-tost bark ;
But when winter came on and the deep woods were bare,
In the hall was a voice, and a foot on the stair,
Oh ! joy to the maiden, for o'er the deep sea,
The soldier returned to his Mary MaChree.

In character as in architecture, proportion is beauty.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land,
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he has turned,
 From wandering in a foreign land?
If such there be go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down,
To the vile grave from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away,
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they,
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Why is matrimony like a pair of snuffers?

THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

'Tis night ! no eye is closed in sleep
In lowly roof or lordly dome,
Peals on the gale, with thundering sweep,
The old cathedral through the gloom ;
And like a torrent's overflow,
Echo the thronging streets below.

'Tis morn ! from battlement to ground
All is a blaze of gold and steel ;
Rings in the ear the trumpets sound,
The trampling of the charger's heel ;
The rushing tide,
Imperial Paris in her pride.

What wakes, proud city, your array ?
What youthful king ascends the throne ?
What sovereign beauty's bridal day ?
What battle gained ? what kingdom won ?
Whom worship this high pomp of war ?
What son of glory's rising star ?

Be hushed ! let sad mortality,
Tell the sad moral of his tale,
Low in the dust, ye standards lie —
Ye trumpets, breathe the funeral wail ;
Weep, weep, ye brilliant and ye brave,
'Tis but the trumpet of the grave.

Now roars the gun with deeper roar,
Out bursts the voice of multitudes ;
Onward the glittering legions pour,
There wave the banners steeped in blood,
The sword that strewed the earth with slain,
From Niomen's shores to swarthy Spain.

But far along the dazzling line
Napoleon comes ! that man of power ;
A melancholy pomp is thine !
In vain o'er thee the garlands shower ;
That conqueror needs nor trump or plume,
His ear is cold,—his throne a tomb.

This was the man of many a crown,
Who filled the nations with his fame,
Whose footstool saw the earth bow down ---
The voice of fate, the glance of flame,
The fearful idol of the world,
There lies he from his glory hurled.

One hand withstood him to the last,
One fearless, glorious friend of man ;
Till o'er his wing her chain she cast,
Till his starred diadem was wan ;
Now from her distant dungeon cave,
To France she gives him and the grave.

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMENS.

What woke the buried sound that lay,
In Memnon's harp of yore?
What spirit on the viewless way,
Along the Nile's green shore?
Oh! not the night, and not the storm,
And not the lightning's fire;
But sunlight touch — the kind, the warm,
This woke the mystic lyre,
This, this awoke the lyre.

What wins the heart's deep chords to pour,
Their music forth on life,
Like a sweet voice prevailing o'er
The sounds of torrent strife?
Oh! not the conflict mid'st the strong,
Not e'en the trumpet's hour;
Love is the gifted and the strong,
To wake that music's power,
His breath awakes that power.

HOME.

Where burns the loved hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,

Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the smile of sadness,
 Of meek-eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness,
 Which mirth's bright cheeks adorn?
Pleasure is marked by fleetness
 To those who ever roam,
While grief itself has sweetness
 At home, dear home.

There blend the tears that strengthen,
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visit when most brief;
Their eyes in all their splendor
 Are vocal to the heart,
And glances gay and tender,
 Fresh eloquence impart;
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure,
 Oh! do not wildly roam,
But seek that hidden treasure
 At home, sweet home.

Does pure religion charm thee,
 Far more than aught below?
Would'st thou that she should arm thee
 Against the hour of woe?

Think not she dwelleth only
In temples made for prayer,
For home itself were lonely
Unless her smiles be there.
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam,
If worshipless her altar
At home, sweet home.

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe ;
Its daily service guideth
And shows its perfect law ;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayer avail thee
With kneeling crowds around ?
Go, leave thy gift unoffered
Beneath religious dome,
And be thy first fruits offered
At home, dear home.

MAN AND HIS MAKER.—They that deny God, destroy man's nobility ; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning ;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning ;
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor ;
'Tis noble when you can excel,
By honest, patient labor ;
But if you are outstripped at best
Press on as bold as ever,
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast,
Of victory o'er another,
But, while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother ;
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever,
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring,
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

SONG.

I stood amid the glittering throng,
I heard a voice, its tones were sweet,
I turned to see from whence it came,
And gazed on all I wished to meet.
She was a fair and gentle girl,
Her meek eye greeted me by chance,
I whispered low, I took her hand,
I led, I led her forth to dance.

We had but little space to move,
So close, so closely all were drawn,
But she was light of heart and step,
And graceful, graceful as a fawn.
A virgin flower gemm'd her hair,
Her beauty to enhance,
She was the flower of all that stood,
In that close cottage dance.

I've moved since then in princely halls,
I tread them even now;
I hold in mine the hand of one
With coroneted brow.
And I may seem to heed her smile,
And seem to court her glance,
But my heart and thought still wander home,
To that sweet cottage dance.

Oft when I sleep a melody
Comes stealing o'er my brain,
And the light music of that night
Is greeting me again.
I take her small white hand in mine,
Amid that blissful trance,
And one more vision worth a world,
I led her forth to dance.

I tink he's been koom-hunting, I tink he's goot for kooms
Cause tere's nothing else he's good for, under the stars
and moon.
Come here you tam vagabond — vere you peen, eh?
Oh ! mine noshe, you shmell vorse than one schunk, — I
sweeps now mit ter proom
For having to do not so pad people as schunks, if you
runs away again,
Me puts you in ter papers, and you ish ruined for ever.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams ; a helm is a little thing, but governs the course of a ship ; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power ; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of buildings together ; a word, a look, a frown, all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—'tis promised ; redeem it, if it is a shilling ; hand it over. You know not what important events hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly. Keep it to the children ; they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

If a soul thou wouldest redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God,
Wouldest thou a guardian angel seem,
To one who long in sin has trod?
Go kindly to him—take his hand
With gentle words within your own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till all the demon thou dethrone.

Mrs. M. Savage.

The first fresh love never dies wholly, it lives on through pain and disappointment ; often when the heart is crushed and all its sympathies pressed out, this lingers and awakes, and shines bright.

A WISH.

Oh ! give me the ocean's boundless plain,
And a barque to plough its wild, wild waves,
Give me the mirth of the trackless main,
As it roars in might through its hollow caves.

And give me the voice of the viewless breeze,
To whistle its song through my white swelling sails,
And play in its glee o'er the billowy seas,
Alternate the sport and the prey of its gales.

Give me the star-studded diademed night,
With its myriad of glories unveiled to the view,
Or the mild maiden moon, with her silvery face,
Shining forth from a canopied curtain of blue.

And give me the freedom to ramble and roam,
And visit each region of sun or of snow ;
The world for my country, my barque for my home,
Heaven's high arch above me, the ocean below.

Flowers that bloom to wither fast,
Light whose beams are soon o'ercast,
Friendship warm, but not to last,
Such by earth are given.
Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade,
Find the light no cloud can shade,
Those are found in heaven.

“FARE THEE WELL, AND IF FOR EVER.”

BY LORD BYRON.

'Tis done, and shivering in the gale,
The bark unfurls her snowy sails,
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast,
And I must from this land begone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But would I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen,—
Could I repose upon that breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest,
I should not seek another zone,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye,
That gave me bliss or misery ;
And I have striven but in vain
Never to think of it again ;
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate ;
I look around and cannot trace
One welcome smile or friendly face ;

And even in crowds I'm still alone
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home,
Till I forget a false, fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting place ;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth,
Still finds some hospitable heart,
Where friendship, or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe.
But friend or lover I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go, but wheresoe'er I flee,
There's not an eye will weep for me,
There's not a kind, congenial heart
Where I could claim the meanest part ,
Nor thou who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think on every early scene,
On what we are, and what we've been —
Wouldwhelm some softer hearts with woe
But mine, alas ! has stood the blow,

Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loved but one.

And who that dear, loved one may be,
Is not for vulgar eyes to see ;—
And why that love was early crossed,
Thou knowest the best,—I feel the most.
But few that live beneath the sun,
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters, too,
With charms perchance as fair to view,
And I would fain have loved as well,—
But some unconquerable spell
Forbadè my bleeding heart to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu ;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep,
Tho' wheresoe'er my barque may roam,
I love but thee, I love but one.

HOME.—Keep your store of smiles and your kindest feelings for home ; give to the world only those you have to spare.

FROM MOORE'S SACRED SONGS.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Nor stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam ;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low degree,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant, my God ! from every care
And stain of fashion free,
Aloft through virtue's purest air,
To hold my course to thee ;
No cloud to dim, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wing.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling into the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from everything that has danger in it. Is is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of everything which is hurtful.

True bravery is as far removed from recklessness as it is from timidity.

THE NIGHT WALKER.

BY FRANK FOXCROFT.

In the prisoners' dock she stands,
 Hardly eighteen years,
Bringing more than full measure of toiling and tears
 With her young life seen ;
But of woes I ween,
 A century's time,
 Could scarce contain
Her record of crime
 And want and pain.

In the prisoners' dock she stands ;—
 Sneer at her,
 Jeer at her,
Ye of the soft white hands !
 Laugh at her,
 Scoff at her,
Ye of the titles and lands !
 Pity ? no bit of it,
 Mercy ? no whit of it.
 Take her away,
 Out of the day,
 Out of the light,
Into the dark of the prison night.

But where is the man who betrayed her?
Is no guile his?
Where is the man who hath made her
Such as she is?
Go to the haunts of fashion,
To the very uppermost "ten,"
Where the puppets of folly and passion,
Are made to appear like men.
In the very innermost regions
Of that most hallowed place,
Surrounded by ladies in legions,
Admiring his style and his grace.
You will find the man
Under heaven's ban,
Though he be not under the laws of man.

Ah, well! ah, well! there's another bar,
In a higher and better land,
And mercy and justice mingled are
In God's own strong right hand,
And when betrayed and betrayer meet,
As meet they must,
Before that common judgment seat,
God will be just.

Pittsfield, Mass., 1868.

WOMAN :—A DIALOGUE.

HE.

Like the moon is woman's heart,
Still with borrowed lustre shining ;
Like the ivy, woman's love,
Where it fastens undermining ;
Like a rock you may defy,
Truth to shake or reason move her,
Like the rainbow in the sky,
Smiling when the storm is over.

SHE.

Woman's love is like a rock,
Firm it stands though storms surround it,
Like the ivy on the oak,
Even in ruin clinging round it ;
Like the moon dispelling night,
Woman's smiles illumine sorrow ;
Like the rainbow's pledge of light
Harbinger of joy to-morrow.

HE.

Shrinking from the wintry blast,
Bird of passage, like the swallow,
When the sunny season's past,
Woman's love will quickly follow.

SHE.

Like the swallow, when she's seen,
Pleasure's blossoms never wither,
Herald of a sky serene,
Woman brings the summer with her.

HE.

Like the roses of the brake
Thorns in every blossom shrouded ;
Like the bosom of the lake,
By each passing shadow clouded.

SHE.

Like the roses of the brake,
Precious tho' their bloom be faded ;
Like the bosom of the lake
By reflected darkness shaded.

HE.

Like a picture where you find
Truth's and nature's fair resemblance,
So deceitful woman's mind
Mocks me with their mimic semblance.

SHE.

Like a picture truly fine,
Half her beauty distance covers ;

Touches of a hand divine,
Every nearer view discovers.

HE.

Like the reckless mountain tide,
Every breeze the surface changing
Like the bird that must be tied
If you would prevent its ranging.

SHE

Like the stream upon the hill,
Unconfined it runs the purer,
Like the bird a cage will kill,
But kindness win, and love secure her.

HE

Like the harp of Erin's sighs,
Woman wakes the soul to madness,
Wild and doubtful in its joy,
Fatal in its dangerous sadness.

SHE.

Like my country's minstrel lyre,
Waking many a wild emotion,
Kindling in the breast a fire
Of heavenly, heartfelt, pure devotion.

HE.

Like the sun who sheds his light
On the fool and wise in common ;
Undistinguishingly bright,
Is the smile of faithless woman.

SHE.

Like the sun dispersing light,
Life and joy on all that's human,
Ever warm and fixed and bright,
Is the love of faithful woman.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician ; the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse ; and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

How sacred, how beautiful is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms ! The proud may sneer at it ; the fashionable may call it fable ; the selfish and dissipated may effect to despise it ; but the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is made evil by the corruptions of those whom it was to bless and preserve.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted earth with a shudder bore
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled,
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that firey play,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs thundering south,
The dust like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Forboding to traitor the doom of disaster ;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assailing their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire,
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire —
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first the general saw was the groups
Of stragglers, and then the returning troops ;—
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both ;
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the lines with a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat stopped its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was grey ;

By the flash of his eye and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
" I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' temple of fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,—
" Here the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away."

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. L. A. COBB.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful !
By the way-side let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall ;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter green germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home ;
Let the pure and the fair, and the graceful there,
In their loveliest lustre come ;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temple of our God,—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod ;
When He built a temple for Himself,
And a home for His princely race,
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul ;
They shall bud, and blossom and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll ;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about your path,
In paradise shall bloom.

A STREET ARAB.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Ragged the jacket and trowsers he wears,

Ragged the shoes on his feet ;

For shoe or jacket little he cares,

This Arab of the street.

“ Pitching pennies ” here in the park,

Along with a busy crowd,

All of them ragged and dirty like him,

Wrangling and shouting aloud.

I wonder whether he has a home ?

This ragged urchin, and how

He earns the coppers he’s tossing there

With those other Arabs now ?

If mother, or brother, or sister has he ?

If ever a father he knew ?

If he sleeps in a bed like you and me,

And eats as the rest of us do ?

Scarcely human he seems, somehow,

With his semi-savage shout,

As he gives each nickel a curious toss,

And capers wildly about.

Yet the same God made him that made us all,

The God that dwells above,

Who watches even the sparrows fall,
In the fulness of His love.

All at once, as twelve o'clock draws near,
Our Arab leaves his play,
Gathers together what nickels are his
And suddenly darts away.
A moment more and his shrill voice sounds,
Shouting the news in the street,
With fifty more like a pack of hounds,
Following close at his feet.

In and out of the cars he springs,
He heeds neither hoofs nor wheels.
His ragged feet seems gifted with wings,
Like famous Mercury's heels;
Now he stops a moment a paper to sell
To some one passing by,
Then away he goes on a rapid run,
With a wild halloo and cry.

High up past the dizzy roofs his voice
Ascends on its skyward way,
A moving shadow he flits along
In the garish light of day.
'Twixt the rows of buildings on either side,
With their windows staring down

Like so many giants, Argus-eyed,
Sleeplessly watching the town.

I wonder if ever in thought he sees,
The rows of buildings fade !
If ever in fancy he conjures up
The desert without a shade ?
If ever, winding before his sight
Long caravans appear ?
If the Bedouin chiefs of the sands he sees
In himself and those others here ?

For to me, to-day as I stand in the park,
Watching them here as they play,
Like a bright mirage in the distance seen,
Seem the buildings on Broadway.

WOMAN.

No star in yonder sky that shines,
Can light like woman's eye impart ;
The earth holds not in all its mines
A gem so rich as woman's heart ;
Her voice is like the music sweet
Poured out from airy harps alone ;
Like that when storms more loudly beat,
It yields a clearer, richer tone.

And woman's love's a holy light,
That brighter, brighter burns for aye ;
Years cannot dim its radiance bright,
Nor even falsehood quench its ray ;
But like the star of Bethlehem
Of old, to Israel's shepherds given,
It marshals with its steady flame
The erring soul of man to heaven.

William Leggitt.

A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons. Little deeds, nor miracles, nor battles, nor one great, heroic act, nor mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sun-beam, not the lightning. The waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river great and many," rushing down in torrents, noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences; little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh : — the avoidance of such little things as these goes far at least to make up the negative beauty of life.

Who stabs my name, would stab my person, too,
Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way.—*Crown.*

AFFECTION.

There is in life no blessing like affection.
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven ;
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love ;
It bendeth o'er the death-bed and consoles
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life hath nought else that may supply its place ;
Cold is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love.

Miss Landon.

“ TURN OUT.”

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

’Mid the hurry and the strife,
As you run the race of life,
 Never put your friend to rout ;
Never trample on your neighbor,—
Though it cost a little labor,
 Just “ turn out.”

It may go against the grain,
It may give a little pain,
 If you put it to the test ;

But you'll find the pain but slight,
Pass him gently to the right
It is best.

Remember that he too
May have kind thoughts toward you ;
And if he should nothing loath,
To resolve to turn aside,
Then the margin will be wide
For you both.

Run and let run, sir, to you
As a maxim may be new,
And a trivial one, no doubt ;
But 'twould save a world of woe,
If we all, for friend or foe,
Would "turn out."

It is the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves ; to breathe round nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of time. As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

THE CHORAL WORKMAN'S SONG.

On the opening of the Amsterdam exhibition, at the close of King Henry's inaugural speech, the folding doors into the nave of the building were thrown open, and as Prince Henry and his attendants passed through, a thousand voices burst into the "Choral Workman's Song." The following translation of it is given by Mr. Thurlow, the second secretary to her Majesty's Legation at the Hague, in his report upon the Netherlands.

No monster of iron on gunpowder fed,
No clangor of steel, no whizzing of lead
 Makes the blood in our arteries tingle ;
But the whirl of the wheel, and the whistle of steam,
And the bubbling hiss of the seething stream,
 Is the sound where our sympathies mingle.

No laurel that drips with the bloom of the brave,
No crown that hangs over the conqueror's grave,
 No wreath that is woven in weeping ;
The olive that circles the forehead of toil,
The meed of the master of metal and soil,
 Is the fruit that we glory in reaping.

Oh ! the rush and the roar of the fiery steam !
Oh ! the rush and the shriek of the bursting steam !
 No warrior's clarion is louder.

We, too, have our iron, our steel and our lead,
But ours is living, and theirs is dead,
 And the music of peace is the powder.

Then a song shall arise in melodious might,
To God who has severed the dark from the light,
 And the work and the workmen created ;
By the play of the muscles he holds us in health,
By the sweat of the brow can endow us with wealth,
 In the love of our labor elated.

We sow for the weal of the loved ones at home,
We know in good time that the harvest will come,
 He wins who has honestly striven ;
Our toil is the salt of the bread of to-day,
And the food of our heart is the faith that can say,—
 We, too, have our rest and our heaven.

ODE ON THE RHINE'S RETURNING INTO
GERMANY FROM FRANCE.

BY HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.

Oh ! sweet is thy current by town and by tower,
The green sunny vale and the dark Linden bower ;
Thy waves, as the dimple, smile back on the plain,
And Rhine, ancient river, thou'rt German again !

The roses are sweeter the air is more free,
More blythe is the song of the bird on the tree ;
The yoke of the mighty is broken in twain,
And Rhine, dearest river, thou art German again !

The land is at peace and breaks out into song,
The hills in their echoes the cadence prolong ;
The sons of the forest take up the glad strain,
“ Our Rhine, our own river, is German again ! ”

Thy daughters, sweet river ! thy daughters so fair,
With their eyes of dark azure, and soft sunny hair,
Repeat 'mid their dances at eve on the plain,
“ Our Rhine, our own river, is German again ! ”

Work is the iron ploughshare that goes over the field of the heart, rooting up all the pretty grasses and the beautiful, hurtful weeds that we have taken such a pleasure in growing, laying them all under, fair and foul together, making plain, dull-looking arable land for neighbors to peer at; until at night-time, down in the deep furrows, the angels come and sow. A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities—who can smother down his heart, its love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hand—who defies fate, and if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

INDEPENDENCE.—A strong determination to place yourself where you are not wanted.

A PLEA FOR THE DOVE.

A “sport!” strip off the thin disguise,
The glamour fashion throws
The glitter of a paltry prize,—
And see how vile it shows.

Within a narrow trap is pent
A little gentle bird,
Whose prison pen flies open when
The “sportsman” gives the word.

With levelled gun the gallant shot
Stands thirty feet away,—
Both barrells primed — his spirit hot,
And eager for the fray.

Alas! for England's chivalry,
When “Lords and Commons” meet,
And in a race of blood so base,
With England's Heir compete!

Poor little dove! the odds are vast
Against thee in the strife,
And yet so keen within thy breast,
God set the love of life.

Sometimes the gallant sportsman's skill,
The trout that pulls the string,

And twenty scouts will fail to kill
One weak defenceless thing !

Sometimes it falls within the walls,
To writhe awhile and die ;
Sometimes with entrails pierced and torn,
It flutters to the sky ;

While falling from the sweet, blue heav'n,
The red drops stain the sward,
As though its tide of being cried
In witness to the Lord.

Is this the bird whose tribe of old
The harp of David sings ?
Her feathers touched with yellow gold
And silver on her wings ?

Is this the chosen shape in which,
As sacred records tell,
The Holy Ghost, by Jordan's coast,
On Christ the Saviour fell ?

Alex. Butler Hume.

“Come on !” as the man said to his tight shoe. . . .
“Come in !” as the spider said to the fly.
“ You make me blush,” as the lobster said to the sauce-
pan.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princes. These tinsels may serve to give effect on the stage, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and real refinement of delicacy, cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue the lettered page. A modest woman will dress modestly; a really refined and intellectual woman will bear the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.

A SUBLIME TRUTH.—Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable if he has a grovelling, unlettered, undevout mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods; his lawns for grandeur; plenty of ornaments and gratification; while at the same time if God is not in all his thoughts, he will

yet be miserable. And let another have neither fields nor gardens; let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in His works; can consider them as a demonstration of His power, of His wisdom, His goodness, and His truth—this man is great, as well as happier in his poverty, than the other in his riches. The one is a little higher than a beast, the other a little lower than an angel.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all to thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past,
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free,
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams,
A possible future shine,

Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared, by mine?

If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh! tell me, before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid,
The demon spirit change?
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone,—
But shield my heart against thy own.

Could'st thou withdraw one day,
And answer to my claim,

That fate, and not to-day's mistake,
Not thou had been to blame ;
Some soothe their conscience thus, but thou,
O, surely, thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer—I dare no hear,
The words would come too late,
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee my fate ;
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember I would risk it all.

NO LETTERS.

BY JOHN COLEMAN DAW.

No letter—no ! It is too bad,
Such hopes of getting one I had,
Some little news to make me glad,
I long expected.
The hopes are crushed and I am sad
And so dejected.

No letter—no ! Alackaday !
And I from home so long away ;
I ask ye, friends, to tell me, pray,
Am I ever thought on ?
Echo answers—seems to say,
You are forgotten.

No letter ! 'Tis a simple thing,
But oh ! a letter oft will bring
Joy to those who wandering,
Are lone, sad-hearted,
And make them with affection cling,
To friends long parted.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart,
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that moment caught,
Some treasure it through life had sought.

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all one's sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then.

So came thy every look and tone,
When first on me it breathed and shone ;
New, as if come from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if loved for years.

Then fly with me if thou hast known,
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away that thou hast sworn,
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee ;
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake,
Some other maid and rudely break,
Her worship'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place,—

Then fare-thee-well, I'd rather make,
My bower upon some icy lake,
Where thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine.

Thomas Moore.

SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright, gold ring on her wand she bore,
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

“Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

“ Sir knight ! I feel not the least alarm ;
No son of Erin will offer me harm ;—
For though the lone woman and golden store,
Sir knight, they love honor and virtue more.”

On she went, and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her round the green Isle ;
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow
If you listen to all that is said as you go.
You'll be worried, and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do,—
 And people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed ;—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,—
 For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to complain,—
 For people will talk.

If thread-bare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one surely will take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited whatever they say,—

For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape ;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business, there's nought to be made,
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do, is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease ;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it's not any use,—
For people will talk.

CAPRICE.

Love is a bird of summer skies,
From clouds and from winter he soon departs,
He basks in the beams of good-humored eyes,
And delights in the warmth of open hearts ;
But when he has once found chill and rain,
He seldom returns to that bower again.

Harriot's brow was passing fair,
And love in the shape of a mortal sprite,

Came to bask in the sunshine there,
And plumed his soft wings for delight;
But a wintry cloud would oft come o'er,
And then for a time,
Without reason or rhyme,
The sun would shine no more.

It chanced in one of those winter showers,
A cloud pass'd by,
And no one knew why,
And frightened poor love from his garden of flowers.
He wandered in sadness away, away,
Till he came to a bower that stood hard by.
Here all was a sunny, summer day,
And never a cloud came o'er that eye,
But morn and night,
It beamed ever bright,
With spirit, and joy, and courtesy.

He laid himself down, the hours flew o'er,
He thought of the spot he had left no more,
For all was here,
Without shadow or fear,
And each moment was sweet as the one before.
“No matter,” said she, “let him wander awhile,
I can, when I please, bring him back with a smile,
But ladies who trust so much to their power,

To recover the heart, their caprice has lost,
Will prove in many a bitter hour,
The danger of playing with love to their cost.

Many a day and week passed by,
And Harriot though she would not tell,
That she loved the wanderer much and well,
Drew many a secret sigh ;
And she managed to get it conveyed to the swain,
By some kind friend in a roundabout way,
That if he thought proper to seek her again,
The weather in future might be more gay.
Love declined with a smile, “ I thank you my dear,
I’m perfectly happy and free from care,
I never saw other than summer here,
And why run the risk of winter there.

If happiness has not her seat and centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blest.

Burns.

OLD ENOUGH.

An Irishman is never at *peace* but when he’s *fighting*.
An Englishman is never *happy* but when he’s *miserable*.
A Scotchman never at *home* but when he’s *abroad*.

UNCLE TOM'S GLIMPSE OF GLORY.

Gentle as glideth the glad light of day,
Little Evangeline passes away;
No more her feet through the flowers will roam,
Softly but surely she neareth her home.

Now all her loved ones she calls round her bed,
And gives each a curl from her fair drooping head,
And bids them remember to meet her above,
And Him who so loves them, forget not to love.

Why seeks the veranda the good Uncle Tom,
And leaves his own cabin, though midnight has come?
He knoweth the Bridegroom ere long will be there,
And watcheth and waiteth till He shall appear.
For oh! when He cometh and taketh His own,
He knows that the gates will be wide open thrown.
He may catch of the world without sorrow and sin,
A glimpse of the glory as Eva goes in.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest,
For love is only found,
To warm the turtle's nest.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

HONOR TO BERGH.

In the wind-swept street, where the stately form,
Meets the brunt of the fiercest storm,
Braving the fury of sleet and rain,
To lighten the burden of helpless pain.
There should the fair white temple rise,
Lifting his name to the bending skies,
Showing the honor his work has won,
And the city's praise of her noble son !

Well may we offer him homage here !
His heavenly Master holds him dear,
Through the tender pity his soul has shown
To the hopeless grief of the dumb beast's moan.
He toils for the Master none the less,
That his care is given to the mute distress,
Of the patient creature whose years of pain
Attest to their Maker their greed of gain.

His life's great lesson has swayed the land,
And safe in the grasp of his outstretched hand,
He holds the rights that his country yields
To the dumb surf tilling her fertile fields.
No grateful glance of meek surprise,
Can he hope to win from their saddened eyes ;
But the merciful deeds of his days are set,
As gems in a heaven-kept coronet !

The smile of God for a human frown,
For earthly service a saintly crown ;
For evil defeated and wrong redressed,
A spirit soothed and a heart at rest !
This the reward of the task must be,
Since the loving eye of his God can see,
What our human vision may faintly scan,
The Angel of Mercy above the man !

ONLY A DOG.

The writer of the following beautiful poem is Mrs. E. J. Nickerson, one of the two proprietors of the New Orleans Picayune.

“ Only a dog ! ” you wonder why
I grieve so much to see him die,
 Ah ! if you knew
How true a friend a dog can be,
And what a friend he was to me
 When friends were few !

“ Only a dog ! ”—“ a beast ! ” you sneer,
“ Not worthy a sigh or tear.”
 Speak not to me
Such falsehood of my poor, dumb friend,
While I have language to defend
 His memory.

Through ups and downs, through thick and thin,
My boon companion he has been
For years and years.

He journeyed with me miles and miles,
I gave him frowns, I gave him smiles,
And now sad tears.

Before my children came, his white,
Soft head was pillow'd every night
Upon my breast.
So let him lie just one time more,
Upon my bosom as before,
And take his rest.

And when a tenderer love awoke,
The first sweet word my baby spoke
Was "Ma-t, our Mat!"
Could I no other reason tell,
My mother heart would love you well
For only that.

Together boy and dog have laid
Upon my lap, together played
Around my feet.
Till laugh and bark together grew
So much alike, I scarcely knew
Which was most sweet.

Ah ! go away and let me cry,
For now you know the reason why
I loved him so.

Leave me alone to close his eyes,
The look so wistful and so wise,
Trying to know.

At garden gate or open door,
You'll run to welcome me no more,
Dear little friend.

You were so kind, so good and true,
I question, looking down on you,—
Is this the end ?

Is there for you “ no other side ”?
No home beyond death's chilly tide,
And heavy fog,
Where meekness and fidelity
Will meet reward, although you be
Only a dog?

It is not enough to be a man ; the responsibility of manhood must be discharged. The foot must do the foot's work, and leave the eye to do its own business. A flower is useful, though it does not grow fruit. Gladly I proclaim the usefulness of beauty. A flower has many a time opened the very heavens to my aching

heart. It has spoken to me of purity and simplicity, and frailty, and mortality, and dependence. Was it useless because it gave me neither wine nor corn? Truly not. It did its work, and no angel could do more.—*Doctor Parker.*

THE BRIGHT, SILVER LILY.

The bright, silver lily, to love I compare,
But never was lily to me half so fair,
So fragrant, so blooming, so chaste, or so meek,
As the rose that is blooming on modesty's cheek.

I have seen the sweet blush of the fresh, risen morn,
I have seen the sweet cowslip deep under the thorn,
But the beauty I love, and the charmer I seek,
Is the rose that is blooming on modesty's cheek.

They say there's a charm in the love-beaming eye,
They say there's a charm in the love-breathing sigh,
But where is the charm her eye would bespeak,
If the rose is not blooming on modesty's cheek.

If beauty is charming I'll bend at its shrine,
Perhaps I might own the fair nymph is divine,
But the beauty I love, and the charmer I seek,
Is the rose that is blooming on modesty's cheek.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

SUNG BY MISS KELLY.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies and violets meet,
Roving forever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet ;
I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

O ! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings ;
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings ;
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas ! nought but misery brings.
I'd be a butterfly sportive and airy,
Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings.
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What, though you tell me, each gay little rover,
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day,
Surely 'tis better when summer is over

To die, when all fair things are fading away ;
Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
Means of procuring a weary delay,—
I'd be a butterfly living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

SONG.

KINLOCK OF KINLOCK.

How oft have I marked the pale moon-beams whilst sailing,
Out over the waves of a dark rolling sea.
It softened my heart with the tenderest feeling,
To know that those moon-beams were smiling on thee.
And then my heart
Would anxious start,
As from your arms
I rushed away
At honor's call, far, far from all,
Whose smile of love had cheered my way.

But now I have ceased all such useless repining,
Since hope fills my heart with the promise of joy,
While the sunshine of pleasure around me is shining,
None but you, my dear girl, my ideas employ.

Though far from thee
I'm forced to be,
Yet when I reach
My native shore,
I'll never roam, so far from home,
No, never leave my charmer more.

AT THE TOMB.

GREENWOOD, DEC. 4, 1872.

[From the Chicago Evening Post.]

Not they alone
Whose orphaned hearts are bleeding by his bier,
Broken, distraught, undone,
Are weeping here !
Not they whose lives in nearness grown,
Make answering moan,
And hither follow, blankly led,
To whitely gaze upon his lowly bed !
These but his household wards !
Behind in mute dismay,
Rank after rank, in desolate array,
Stretches the army of his mourning guards,
A continent away !
But 'tis no martial host !
No blood-dewed fields, or pillaged homes the boast,

With ravaged hearts for cost !
 No, (witness, God !)
Was his the leadership of blood,
 Or hate, or spleen, or woe !
 For these he struck no blow.
His was the championship of light !
 The fields he fought,—
 The sounding victories he wrought,
Were fields and victories of right,
 Weaponed of truth, of honor, reason, thought !

And this his mourning host,
Still white and cold, as with December frost,
And dazed and numb, as if of country lost,—
 The drooping heads and trembling hands,
 That clasp and stretch away across the lands.
These are the witnesses that here,
 Beside his mighty bier,
 Stricken, and bowed and dumb,—
To plead for him what he bequeathed them, come,
 Come and carve it on his tomb !

The weak he lifted up,
The thirsting soul he gave the cooling cup,
 The bound whose chains he broke,
The wronged he righted with his giant stroke,
 The suffering poor he fed,
 The wayward souls to better paths he led,

Them he found brutes, and moulded into men,
All, all whose paths he lit with glowing pen

Are here to swell the throng,
He lived and wrought among,
And suffered to make strong !

Be cheered, oh ! aching hearts,
That orphaned are no more !

Through tears look up and see,
The millions that he saved are parents unto thee !
Behold the balm they pour !

Through all the world

Tread the great host that see and share your smarts,
And walk beside you with their banners furled,
Where gleams the goal he sought—the better day,
Now as of old 'tis his to lead the way,—

To smooth the rugged road,—

To go before and plead for them who stay,—
To ease their heavy load,
And cheer them on to God !

D. Blakely.

A SWARM OF B'S WORTH HIVING.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Soloman, B meek as a child ;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
Beware you make matter subservient to mind ;

B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few ;
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money and time ;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benovелent, B willing to learn ;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust ;
B penitent, circumspect, B sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death ;
B honest, B holy, B transparent and pure,
B dependant, B Christlike, and you'll be secure.

A BLACKSMITH INTERVIEWED.

BY JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

Horny hands and swarthy face,
Burliest of a burly race,
The Saxon blacksmith took his place

Beside his anvil : "Sir," said I,
"They say you've laid a fortune by;
Why still your hard vocation ply?"

"Stranger," said he, "I see your plan,
A prying, interviewing man,
Come to find out all you can,

And put it in the papers ; well,
You see I did quit work a spell,
Till Tom Sparks came to Battledell ;

Tom Sparks, the blacksmith over there,
At t'other corner of the square,
And folks said I wa'nt anywhere.

That this Tom Sparks could beat me blind,
At blacksmith work of any kind,
Especially at putting on horses shoes behind ! ”

The speaker paused and breathed a spell,
And from his eyes the sparks that fell,
Lit the bravest face in Battledell.

“Stranger, I don't care what you say,
I'm rather odd, I've got my way,
I'll get on top, and there I'll stay.

That is, I don't care what the loss is,
Learn my trade over, work under bosses,
Or beat Tom Sparks a shoeing horses ! ”

There is a lesson, learn it well,
Caught in the story that I tell,
Of that proud smith of Battledell.

He had a soul the type of those,
To whom success forever goes,
For whom the victor's laurel grows.

Such wills as his have caught the world,
And held it fast when thrones were hurled
Together, and the red flames curled

Above the wreck. When Cæsar fell
No grander spirit said farewell
Than had the smith of Battledell.

WOMEN IN CONVERSATION.

It is their eminent domain. There is a good deal of banter afloat on the subject, and one might easily suppose that our women were given to talk; but nothing is further from the truth. Their fault in society is that they do not talk. They are timid, not socially, but intellectually. They are afraid to imbibe, or to cherish, or to enunciate ideas. They distrust their own capacities and acquirements, and have mistrusted them so long and so sincerely, that the mistrust presently becomes final and fatal. They have too much sense to be silly, and too little power to be self-forgetful, so they take a secondary place when they ought to be in the van. It is not oppression on the one part nor superiority on the other, but the natural effect of a long line of causes. Women not only fear men, but they fear each other.

Gail Hamilton.

ERIC AND AXEL.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Though they never divided my meat or wine,
Yet Eric and Axel are friends of mine ;
Never shared my sorrow nor laughed with my glee,
Yet Eric and Axel are dear to me ;
And more faithful comrades no man ever knew,
Than Eric and Axel, the fearless, the true !

When I hit the target, they feel no pride,
When I spin with the waltzers, they wait outside ;
When the holly of yule-tide hangs in the hall,
And kisses are freest, they care not at all ;
When I sing they are silent,—I speak, they obey,—
Eric and Axel, my hope and my stay.

They wait for my coming, they know I shall come,
When the dancers are faint, and the fiddlers numb,
With a shout of “Ho, Eric ! Axel, ho !”
As we skim the wastes of the Norrland snow,
And their frozen breath to a silvery gray
Turns Eric’s raven and Axel’s bay.

By the bondehus and the herregoard,
O’er the glossy pavement of firth and ford,
Through the tall fir-woods that like steel are drawn,
On the broadening red of the rising dawn,

Till one low roof, where the hills unfold,
Shelters us all from the angry cold.

I tell them the secret none else shall hear,—
I love her, Eric, I love her dear ;
I love her, Axel, wilt love her, too,
Though her eyes are dark and mine are blue ?
She has eyes like yours, so dark and clear ;—
Eric and Axel will love my dear !

They would speak if they could, but I think they know
Where, when the moon is thin, they shall go ;
To wait awhile in the sleeping street,
To hasten away upon snow-shod feet,
Away and away, e'er the morning star
Touches the tops of the spires of Calmar.

Per, the merchant may lay at her feet
His Malaga wine, and his raisins sweet,
Brought in his ships from Portugal land,
And I am as bare as the palm of my hand,
But she sighs for me and she sighs for you,
Eric and Axel, my comrades true.

You care not, Eric, for gold or wine,
You care not, Axel, for show or shine,
But you care for the touch of the hand that's dear,

And the voice that fondles you through the ear,
And you shall save us, through storm and snow,
When she calls, "Ho, Eric!" and "Axel, ho!"

BE BRAVE.

Be brave to do right. There are always men enough and women enough in the world who have no wish to see the right vindicated; who pause on the low plains of selfishness, and will not so much as lift their eyes toward the hills where truth stands. The glowing splendor of that future which is coming nearer every day, and which is to be a glorious kingdom which truth will occupy for her own, has no power over their minds or hearts.

Truth is like the blowing of the strong winds through the universe. It will uncover deceit; it will strip off the mantle of pretence; it will scatter the chaff from the golden grain. And how much nobler to stand before the blast, and have our lives purified of the dross of our weak thoughts, than to hide until the storm is past, and then shine in false light. Be brave to do whatsoever our hands *find* to do without murmurs or complaint. If it is our lot to toil for daily bread, let us labor cheerfully, glad God has given us health and strength; and if he grants us neither of these, let us

be brave to suffer in silence, and let only our *songs* find a way out into the world.

In our pleasant childhood we are like birds in the nest; but our Father has given us wings, and sooner or later we must learn to fly. Whatever it costs us we must not stop to count that, for we are in his hands, and as our day, so shall our strength be.

Have courage to be honest; the world has great need of honest women just now.

Be brave to wear calico when your neighbor wears silk; to live in a little house, when your friend lives in a large one; to labor in your kitchen, when your sisters sit in their parlors with folded hands.

It is not the opinion the throng led by fashion and love of ease, which is to enoble us, but the verdict of our own consciences.—*Allena Audly.*

Our ingress into the world was marked and sore,
Our progress through it was trouble and care,
Our egress out of it God knows where.
The better we do here, the better we'll do there.
If I would preach for ever I could tell you no more.

CAT.

An animal that old maids love,
Because it gives out sparks when rubbed.

PRAYERS I DON'T LIKE.

I do not like to hear him pray,
Who loans at twenty-five per cent.,
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent ;
And in that Book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, "Take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour ;
I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."
I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washer-woman toils all day,
And then is asked to "work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise,
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers,
If wrong I hope to be forgiven.
No angel's wing them upward bears,—
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

AN EXILE'S SONG.

Despondence and pain on my spirit have lain,
And baffled each struggle I made to be free,
Since they came o'er me,
That dark day that bore me,
Away from my home, o'er the waves of the sea.

The vision ne'er dies from the dream of my eyes,
That memory pictures the past in for me,
While deep in its throbbing,
My sad heart is sobbing,
And yearns for its home o'er the foam of the sea.

Decay winds its chain 'round my limbs and my brain,
If I linger, perchance I shall ne'er again see
 The green land I sigh for,
 And gladly would die for,
My fair island home o'er the foam of the sea.

O ! swift, then, returning from darkness and mourning,
The exile will rest, gentle Erin with thee.
 Here fortune looked fav'ring,
 But oh ! never wavering,
He flies to his home o'er the foam of the sea.

TRIFLES.—When a care for small things is combined with an intense fear of the opinions of others, a state of mind is generated which will neither allow the possessor of it to be happy in himself, or herself, nor permit those about him or her to enjoy any peace or comfort for long. It is, of course, a preeminent hinderance to the blessings of social intercourse.

Kindness infuses the greatest energy into both heart and soul, and creates that spirit of self-abandonment to the general good which annihilates selfish considerations, and binds all classes in the bonds of peaceful and holy brotherhood.—*Lord Burleigh*.

Sound doctrine is not so soon indicated by never making a mistake, as by never repeating it.

WILL WATCH.

BY CORY.

'Twas one morn when the wind from northward blew keenly,

While sullenly roared the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then serenely

Took helm, and to sea boldly steered out again.

Will had promised his Sue that this trip if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore ;
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended,

The laws he had broken, he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reached the offing and cried,
“ This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay, serve a friend, too, beside.”

Will layed-to till the night came on, darksome and dreary,
To crowd ev'ry sail, then, he piped up each hand ;
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,
A signal that warned him to bear from the land.

“ The Philistines are out ! ” cries Will ; “ well, take no heed on't ;
Attacked, who's the man that will flinch from his gun ;

Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need
on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll
run.

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now ap-
pearing,—

“Oh ! ho !” cries Will Watch, “the Philistines bear
down,

“Bear a hand ! my bright lads, e'er we think about sheer-
ing,

One broadside pour in should we swim, boys, or
drown.

“But should I be popped off, you my mates, left behind
me,

Regard my last words, see them kindly obeyed,
Let no stone mark the spot, and my friends do you mind
me,

Near the beach is the spot where Will Watch would
be laid.”

Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck and he never spake more ;
His bold crew fought the brig, while a shot remained in
it,

Then sheer'd, and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.
In the dead of the night, his last wish was complied
with,

Too few know his grave, and too few know his end ;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.

Near his grave dash the billows, the wind loudly
bellows.

Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed, law-
less fellow,

Once feared, now forgotten, sleeps with the dead.

FLOWERS.—The terrestial stars that bring down heav-
en to earth, and carry up our thoughts from earth to
heaven,—the poetry of the Creator written in beauty and
fragrance. “ He who does not love flowers,” said Lud-
wig Tieg, a German writer, “ has lost all fear and love
of God.” Another German author defines woman as
“ something between a flower and an angel.”

HOME.

There's magic in that little word,
It is a mystic circle that surmounts
Comforts and virtues never known
Beyond the hallowed limit.

DEATH.—The sleeping partner of life.

ARAB MAXIMS.

FIRST.—Let your colt be domesticated and live with you from his tenderest age, and when a horse he will be docile, simple, faithful, and inured to hardship and fatigue.

SECOND.—Do not beat your horses, nor speak to them in a loud tone of voice ; do not get angry with them, but kindly reprove their faults, they will do better thereafter, for they understand the language of man and its meaning.

THIRD.—If you have a long day's journey before you, spare your horse at the start ; let him frequently walk to recover his wind ; continue this until he has perspired and dried three times, and you may ask him whatever you please, he will not leave you in difficulty.

FOURTH.—Observe your horse when he drinks at a brook. If in bringing down his head he remains square, without bending his limbs, he possesses sterling qualities, and all parts of his body are built symmetrically.

FIFTH.—Four things he must have broad, front, chest, loins, and limbs ; four things long, neck, chest, forearm and croup ; four things short, pastern, back, ears and tail.

DISCORD.

BY MRS. M. C. AMES.

Swift through the fragrant air it fell,
A single word.
The wound it made no tongue can tell,
For no one heard,
Save one sweet heart, whose very life
Is love and truth—
This heart the word pierced like a knife.
No pulse of ruth
Thrilled him who spake the cruel word;
He willed and spoke,—
A fair face quivered like a bird,
A fond heart broke.

Alas ! the spring-time air is full
Of wrathful words ;
They rise to heaven and would annul
The sweet-voiced birds,
That everywhere on glancing wing,
Fly from the south,
New messages of love to bring
With open mouth.

Nature's glad face the sons of men
Doth put to shame.
She says : “ Poor children of the earth,

• Why strive and blame?
You work and war,—the will of fate
 Abides the same.
The purposes of God survive
 Your feeble fray ;
You cannot change them though you shrive
 Your sins alway.
The name you toil for may outlive
 Your little day ;
But you must live when earth and name
 Have fled away.
Drink thou my sunshine, breathe my air,
 Ere yet too late ;
Take thou with soul serene and fair,
 Thine high estate !
Still the untiring earth spins tow'rd
 Its central sun ;
Nor fire nor force can hold it ward,
 Its face unrun !
The placid seasons o'er its breast
 Move to and fro ;
Unscathed its birds brood in their nest,
 Its wood-flowers bloom
In peace above its stormiest crest.
 In God's good plan
His loveliest creatures all find rest,
 Not thou, O man !

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember, how my childhood flitted by !
The mirth of its December and the warmth of its July ;
On my brow love, on my brow love, there are no sign
of care,

But my pleasures are not now love, what childhoods
pleasures were,—

I remember, I remember.

Then the bowers, then the bowers, where as blythe,
And all their radiant flowers were as coronels to me ;
Gems to-night love, gems to-night love, are gleaming in
my hair,

But they are not half so bright, love, as childhood's roses
were,—

I remember, I remember.

I was merry, I was merry, when my little lovers came,
With a lily, or a cherry, or a new-invented game ;
Now I've you love, now I've you love, to kneel before
me there,

But you know you're not so true love, as childhood's
lovers were.—

I remember, I remember.

Only he who fully knows the worth of what he renounces, gains the true blessing of renunciation.—*George William Curtis.*

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

May, 1786.

I lang hae thought, my youthful friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end,
Than just a kind memento ;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And Andrew, dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end attained,
And a' your views may come to naught,
When ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll na say men are villains, a',
The real hardened, wicked,
What hea nea check but human law,
Are to a few restricted ;
But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted ;

If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still the important end of life,
They equally may answer ;
A man may have an honest heart,
Tho' pov'ry hourly stare him,
A man may take a ne'bor's part,
Yet hea nea cash to spare him.

Ay, free, off-han', your story tell,
When wi 'a bosom crony,
But still keep something to yourself,
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yourself as well's ye can,
Fra critical dissection,
But keep thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpened sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o'weel placed love,
Luxuriently indulge it,
But never tempt the illicit rove,
Tho' neathing should divulge it.
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing,

But oh ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

To catch dame fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather year by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant,
But for the glorious privilege,
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To hand the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let ay that be your border ;
It's slightest touches, instant pause,
Debar a' side pretences,
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature,
But still the preaching can't forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature ;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended,

An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded,
Or if she give a random sting,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker,—
A correspondence fixed wi' heaven,
Is sure a noble anchor.

Adieu, dear amiable youth,
Your heart can ne'er be wanting ;
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunted !
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser,
And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser.

The heart that loves not knows not how to pray.
The eye can never smile that never weeps ;
'Tis through our sighs hope's kindling sunbeams play,
And through our tears the bow of promise peeps.

Denis Florence McCarty.

ON FEMALE VIRTUE, FRIENDSHIP AND CONVERSATION.

To form the manners of men, various things contribute, but nothing, I apprehend, so much, as the turn of the woman he has converse with. Those who are the most conversant with virtue and understanding, will always be found the most amiable characters, other circumstances being supposed alike. Such society more than any thing else rubs off the corners that give many of our sex an ungracious roughness. It produces a polish more perfect and more pleasing than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. This last is often spacious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of a gentler feeling and more elegant humanity; the heart itself is moulded; habits of undissembled courtesy are formed; a certain flowing urbanity is acquired; understanding and virtue, by being often contemplated in the engaging light, have a sort of assimilating power. If aught on earth can present the image of celestial excellence in its softest array, it is an accomplished woman.

I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness,—
Nor to be whiled away in aimless dreams.

Aubray De Vere.

SONG FOR BOYS.

When life is full of health and glee,
Work thou as busy as a bee !
And take this gentle hint from me :

 Be careful of your money,
 Be careful of your money,
You'll find it true that friends are few,
 When you are short of money.

But do not shut sweet mercy's doors,
When sorrow pleads or want implores ;
To help to heal misfortune's sores,
 Be careful of your money,
 Be careful of your money, boys,
 Be careful of your money ;
To help the poor who seek your door,
 Be careful of your money.

The good do not comprehend evil. Noble souls with difficulty reach the comprehension of evil and ingratitude ; they require harsh lessons before they recognize the extent of human corruption. Then, when their education in this line is completed, they rise to an indulgence which is the last degree of contempt.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than small-pox.

TRUTH.

What is truth? A fadeless flower,
A spring whose waters sweetly roll,
A tree whose fruit has vital power,
A fire which purifies the soul.

A mirror without spot and bright,
A balance having no defect,
A compass always pointing right,
A sword to punish and protect.

A rock immovable, secure,
A perfect gem from nature's mine,
A way which leads to joys most pure,
A glorious sun which ever shines.

J. F. Harrington.

TRANQUILITY.—I look upon tranquility of mind and patience, to contribute as much as anything whatever to the curing of diseases. On this principle I account for the circumstance of animals not laboring under illness so long as human beings. Brutes do not think so much as we do, nor vex themselves about futurity, but endure their maladies without reflecting on them, and recover from them by the sole means of temperance and repose.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy.

DOMESTIC ETIQUETTE.

A carelessness of speech is a fatal source of estrangement in married people. Now it is too much the fashion in all households to have a domestic colloquy, very different in its tone and carefulness to that in use with strangers. The very best of us, it is feared, are too prone to this, but from wives to husbands, and the reverse, matrimony seems certainly to possess the chemical property of converting sweets into acids in no time. Short answers are the direst foe to domestic happiness or else no answer at all; no conversation for his leisure, for when once on a time you carefully brushed up all your stores of knowledge, and an utter oblivion of the personal politeness which most well-conducted people think due to a stranger. Pity such things are kept, like your choicest preserves, merely for strangers. None can place too much value on domestic warmth of politeness, unmixed, of course, with hypocrisy or shallow words. Kindness might be a better word, perhaps, for what is meant; for when there are kind hearts, there is almost sure to be a certain suavity of manners. But this etiquette of the heart you keep like your best clothes for comfort, never thinking that every day use is your true polish, not merely for the base metals but even to keep bright gold itself.

We met, 'twas in a crowd, and I thought he would shun me,

He came, I could not breathe, for his eye was upon me,
He spoke, his words were cold, and his tone was unaltered.

I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice faltered.

I wore my bridal robes, how I rivalled its whiteness,
Bright gems were in my hair, how I hated their brightness,

He called me by my name, as the bride of another ;
Oh ! thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother.

And once again we met, and a fair girl stood near him,
He smiled and whispered low, as I once used to hear him.

She leaned upon his arm, once 'twas mine and mine only,

I wept, for I deserved to feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride, at the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure for a heartless deceiver ;
The world may think me gay, but my feelings I smother ;
Oh ! thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother.

Slight wishes, the habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics in the company of others ; unswerving attention to his or her comforts, both abroad and at home ; and above all, the careful preservation of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred when before the world, are some of the secrets of that rare happiness, which age and habit a'like fail to impair or diminish.

GOOD BREEDING, is the art of showing men by external signs the internal regard which we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

AGE.—We ought not to calculate our age by the passing years, but by the events that happen. It is what we have done and what we have suffered make us old.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one ; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

A PARTING SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

When will ye think of me, my friends?

When will ye think of me?

When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river are passing away,—
When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burdened with tender thought,
Then let it be.

When will ye think of me, kind friends?

When will ye think of me?

When the rose of the rich midsummer time,
Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime;
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may
tread,—

Then let it be.

When will ye think of me sweet friends?

When will ye think of me?

When the sudden tears o'erflow your eyes,
At the sound of some olden melody,—
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream,
Then let it be.

Thus let my memory be with you, friends,
 Thus ever think of me.
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone,—
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found,
 So let it be.

THE TWO FLAGS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN CUBA.

BY EDWARD RENACE.

From the black browed Mora, the castle-crested crag,
Drooped in the drowsy noontide the red and yellow flag,
And in the seething city the sun with fiery glare,
Flashed on a sea of faces—a thousand bayonets bare.

Soldiers with sullen faces—a doomed man trembling
 nigh,

While a motley throng from every side poured forth to
 see him die;

And all the might multitudes beheld with bated breath,
The scene of coming slaughter—the many throated death.

But by the pallid prisoner, bare-headed and stern-browed,
Strode forth two gallant consuls before the surging
 crowd;

One waved Columbia's banner, and one the Union Jack,
While all were filled with wonder, and waved the brave
men back.

But step by step together, before those armed bands,
Paced those proud consuls, holding the ensign in their
hands,
“Present!” The three stood silent, one moment face to
face,—
The consuls calm and steady, and the prisoner in his
place.

A sudden flash of crimson, of red, and white and blue,
The trembling captive cowered between the dauntless
two;
The three stood draped together beneath the banners'
fold—
The proud twin flags of freedom—of the new world and
the old.

Then turning stern and haughty upon the ordered line:
“By these broad flags I claim him, and keep him, he is
mine!
Thus England and Columbia stretch arms across the
seas
To shield him. Strike the prisoner, you strike through
us and these!”

Thus out spake he of England ; like lions brought to bay,
The twain with eyes defiant looked round that stern array.
There fell a solemn silence, the rifle-barrels shone
Still at the doomsmen's shoulders, men shuddered and
looked on.

Till in a clear voice, crossing the bullet's threatened track,
Rang out the sudden mandate to march the prisoner back ;
And as the shining escort fell back and faced about,
From all the crowded plaza went up a mighty shout.

A mighty storm of *vivas*, that rent the sultry skies,
Greeted the gallant consuls—the deed of high emprise,
Still louder, even louder, went up that vast acclaim,
From all the mighty plaza, bathed in its noon tide flame.

Onward to future ages, far down the teeming years,
That sea of upturned faces sends forth its storm of cheers :
Long shall the deed be honored, and proudly handed
down,
To crown the victor consuls with fame's enduring
crown !

Hail to the hero consuls ! Hail to the noble twain !
Who dared for truth and duty the bullet's deadly rain !
How strong to face the mighty — how great to guard the
weak—
Are these, the great twin nations to whom the helpless
seek !

Still shall our arms protecting be spread across the sea,
Still shall the tyrants fear us who set their captives free,
Wrapped in a mighty mantle from hatred's cruel scars,—
The blood-red flag of England, Columbia's stripes and stars.

THE LAND THAT WE LEFT, AND THE LAND THAT WE LIVE IN.

BY J. GRAHAM.

CHORUS.

Come hearts, of no patriot feeling bereft,
Let this be the toast that is given :—
“Oh ! here’s to the dear, native land that we left,
And here’s to the land that we live in.”
Wherever the banner of freedom is spread,
At home, or where wandering a stranger,
The last drop of blood in our veins shall be shed,
To guard the loved ensign from danger,
Come hearts.

But love sheds a charm o’er the land of our birth,
And where is the hand would remove it?
For if there be patriot worth on this earth,
O ! this is the feeling will prove it.
Come hearts.

For home when the wanderer is heaving a sigh,
O, let not the native deride it ;
But leave his own country and then let him try
If e'en his own breast could avoid it.

Come hearts.

The heart that is cold to the land of its home,
The scenes of another may charm it ;
But cold to its home, o'er earth should it roam,
What patriot feeling can warm it ?

Come hearts.

Then, freedom, should tyranny grasp his foul dart,
Thou'l find at thy breast should he send it,
The home-loving patriot cling round thy heart,
And still a true shield to defend it.
Come hearts, of no patriot feeling bereft,
Let this be the toast that is given :—
“O ! here's to the dear, native land that we left,
And here's to the land that we live in.”

What deduction from reason can ever be applied to love? Love is a contradiction to all the elements of our ordinary nature. It makes the proud man meek; the cheerful sad; the high-spirited tame.

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PADDY'S EXCELSIOR.

'Twas growin' dark so terrible fasht,
When through a town up the mountain their pashed,
A broth of a boy to his neck in the shnow!
As he walked, his shillalah he swung to and fro,
Saying, "It's up to the top I am bound for to go,—
Be-jabbers!"

He looked mortal sad and his eye was as bright
As a fire of turf on a cowld winther's night;
And niver a word that he said could ye tell,
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
"It's up to the top of the mountain I'll go,
Unless covered up by this bothersome shnow,—
Be-jabbers!"

Through the windows he saw as he thraveled along,
The light of the candles and fires so warm ;
But a big chunk of ice hung o'er his head !
Wid a shiver and groan—“ By St. Patrick ! ” he said,
It's up to the very tip-top I will rush,
And then if it falls, it's not meself it will crush,—
Be-jabbers ! ”

“ Whist a bit,” said an ould man, whose hair was as white,
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night ;
“ Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
Fur the night is so dark, and the walkin is bad.”
Bedad ! he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
But he'd go to the top if he went on his head,—
Be-jabbers ! ”

A bright, buxom young girl, such as likes to be kissed,
Axed him would'nt he sthop, and how could he resist ?
And so shnapping his fingers and winking his eye,
While shmiling upon her, he made this reply :—
“ Faith, I ment to kape on till I got to the top,
But, as yer swate self has axed me, I may as well sthop,
Be-jabbers ! ”

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day,
And ye must'n be axin whin he did go away ;
For would'nt he be bastley gassoon

To be lavin his darlint in the swate honeymoon?
Whin the ould man has peraties enough and to spare,
Sure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable there,—
Be-jabbers!"

GRATTAN.

Deep in the bosom of his bleeding land,
Had sunk the bitter, barbed steel of wrong;
Her poor limbs charred and bruised by chain and
thong,
Seemed helpless, and the lips that once were bland
With hopeful smile and song, could scarce command
A feeble murmur, when arose a strong,
Bold voice that called, and lo! a seried throng
Of stalwart sons strode up from every strand.
Stricken and feeble was she when he came,
But with bold, manly arms he folded her
To the great heart that beat for her alone.
And when again the evil and the shame
Returned, to hold her still a sufferer,
The great heart burst to hear her plaintive, pitious moan.

You may wish to get a wife without a fault; but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character.

LINES ON A SKULL.

Some forty years ago the following poem was found in the *London Morning Chronicle*. Every effort was vainly made to discover the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas. All that ever transpired, was, that the poem in a fair clerkly hand was found near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the Museum sent it to the *Morning Chronicle*.

Behold this ruin ! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot !
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love nor fear,
Have left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye ;
But start not at the dismal void,
If once with love that eye employed ;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be for ever bright,
When stars and skies are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung,
The ready, swift and tempered tongue ;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,

And when it could not praise was chained ;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke !
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine ?
Or with the envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth and fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod ?
If from the bower of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtues's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company ; it beguiles the tediousness of the way,— all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

TRUE LOVE.

Let not the marriage of true minds,
Admit impediment. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

Oh, no ! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his life be taken.

Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheek,
Within his bending sickle's compass come :
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never write—nor no man never loved.

W. Shakespeare.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

“ Only a penny a box,” he said,
But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrank from the squalid sight,
Of the boy who stood in the fading light.

“Oh, sir !” he stammered, “you cannot know,”
(And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow,
That the sudden tear might have chance to fall,)
“Or I think—I think you would take them all.

“Hungry and cold at our garret pane,
Ruby will watch till I come again,
Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
And he hasn’t a crumb of breakfast yet.

One penny, and then I can buy the bread,”
The gentleman stopped, “And you ?” he said,
“I ? I can put up with them, hunger and cold,
But Ruby is only five years old.

“I promised our mother before she went,—
She knew I would do it,—died content,—
I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
I always would think of Ruby first.”

The gentleman paused at his open door,
Such tales he had often heard before ;
But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear,—
“I’ve nothing less than a shilling here.”

“Oh, sir, if you’ll only take the pack,
I’ll bring you the change in a moment back ;
Indeed, you may trust me !” “Trust you ? No !
But here is the shilling ; take it and go.”

The gentleman lolled in his easy chair,
And watched his cigar smoke wreath in air,
And smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother's knee.

“And now it is nine o'clock,” he said,
“Time that my darlings were all abed,
Kiss me good night, and each be sure,
When you're saying your prayers, remember the
poor.”

Just then came a message—“A boy at the door,”
But e'er it was uttered, he stood in the door,
Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged and strange,
“I'm Ruby, Mike's brother, I've brought you the
change.

“Mike's hurt, sir, 'twas dark, the snow made him
blind,
And he did not take notice the train was behind,
Till he slipped on the track, and then it whizzed by,
And he's home in the garret; I think he will die.

“Yet nothing would do him, sir, nothing would do,
But out through the snow I must hurry to you;
Of his hurt he was certain you would'nt have heard,
And so you might think he *had broken his word.*”

When the garret they entered, they saw
Two arms, mangled, shapeless, outstretched on the straw,
“You did it?—dear Ruby—God bless you!” he said,
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back and was dead.

Harper's Magazine.

Clocks may stop, hearts may cease to beat, but still time goes on, staying or accelerating its pace for none; no prayers advance or delay its speed, though the sad and joyous count its strokes by seconds of a different length.

CHILDREN.—How little do those who have grown up to man's estate, trouble themselves about the feelings of children. It would really seem as if they fancied that children were destitute of all those fine and delicate springs of emotion, which are recognized in mature life, and are the sources of all our joys and sorrows. It is time the grown-up world went to school to some one who has not forgotten the tender susceptibilities of childhood, that it may learn to sympathize with the little sufferers. The germinating bud has within its folded recesses all the beauty and the fragrance of the flower; the gentle distillations of heaven sighs sweetly in its secluded shrine, and the sunbeams fall there as soothingly

as on the prouder petals that claim all to themselves. How many a sweet spirit withers beneath the blighting form of the unsympathizing guardian; how many a one retires to weep in solitude, because it is not loved as it would be, and is not comprehended in its affection. We little think what arcana we read, when the words, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," pass our unheeded utterance.—*Rufus Daws.*

TRUTH.—We never knew a boy or a man who from early life spoke truth and shunned a falsehood, that was not virtuous in all other respects, and who did not acquire and enjoy the confidence and esteem of society. Truthfulness is one of the chief corner stones in a good and respectable character. Young man, never utter a falsehood; never be tempted to depart from strict truth in all you say. False words come from a false heart, and a false heart breeds corruption that soon taints and spoils the whole character.

If you wish to reform the world, begin by reforming yourself, and then devote your attention to reforming and improving the habits, manners and principles of the children and youth, who are next to come on the stage of action.

MONEY.—A fish particularly difficult to catch.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious inspirations which leap from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars that hold their "festival around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that brighter forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and when the beautiful that begins here and passes before us like shadows, shall stay in our presence for ever.

The man that dares traduce because he can with safety to himself is not a man.—*Cowper.*

ELEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE HOME.

THEODORE PARKER.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid. There was never a chair too good for a cobbler, or cooper, or king to sit on; never a house too fine to shelter a human head. These elements about us, the georgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value this of housekeeping a little more than it is worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the manner of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to home, and take so much pains with the outside, that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared to domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love, than for whole ship-loads of furniture, and all the georgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.

The three most difficult things are: to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make a good use of leisure.

SONG.

Shades of evening close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile,
Morn, alas ! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant Isle,
Still my fancy can discover,
Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of beauty fare-thee-well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the tapers light ;
Who will fill our vacant places ?
Who will sing our songs to-night ?
Through the mists that float above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing softly, fare-thee-well.

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking,
Some green spot to rest upon,
What would I not give to wander,
Where my old companions dwell ;
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty fare-thee-well.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

FATHER PROUT.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder,
Where'er I wonder,
And thus grow fonder
 Sweet Cork of thee.
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Telling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine ;
While at a glib rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling,
On each proud swelling,
Of thy belfry knelling,
 Its bold notes free.

Made the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling,
Old Adrian's Mole in
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican ;
And symbols glorious,
Swinging uproarious,
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly.
O ! the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and Kiosk, oh,

In saint Sophia,
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air,
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom,
I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem
More dear to me ;
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

THE FRONT AND SIDE DOOR.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Every person's feelings have a front-door and side-door, by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some locked, some bolted with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding ring conveys a right to one. Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one, renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door. Receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones,—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberge in their line of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep, inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerve of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of the taste are struck with a crushing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a

man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refreshes him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul ; it takes one that knows it well,—parent, child, brother, sister, intimates. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key ; too many have them already.

Ask yourself before speaking evil of any one : First, is it right? second, is it kind? third, is it necessary? Half the truth may be a lie in the absence of the other half.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo ! the rugged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

Why is a discontented man like a watchful house-dog?
Because he is a growler.

What a precious thing is the perfume of a flower, which, without any loss to the plant, adheres to the hand of a friend, and follows him to recall the beauty of the flower he loves.

The perfume of the soul is memory. It is the sweetest and most delicate part of the heart, that detaches itself to cling to another heart and follow it everywhere.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
the bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance,
Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife,
The warrior's dream alarms ;
No braying horn nor screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banners trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud ;
And plenteous funereal tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms in battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past ;
Not war's wild note, not glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight,
Those breasts that never more shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane,
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe ;
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain,
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of one consecrated ground,
We must not slumber there,
Where strangers' steps and tongues resound,
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave ;
She claims from war his richest soil
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gorey field ;

Borne to a Spartan's mother's breast
On many a bloody shield ;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroë's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave ;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless songs shall tell
When many a banished age hath flown,
The story how you fell ;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

FRIENDSHIP.—Love, full fledged, waiting for a sunny day to fly.—*Byron*.

THE SEA.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round ;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and wake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The winds were loud, and bleak the morn,
The noisy hour when I was born ;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphin bared his back of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the deep sea more and more ;
And backward flew to its billowy breast
Like a child that seeketh its mother's breast.
For a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

I've lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty winters a rover's life ;
With wealth to spend and power to range,
And never had sighed nor sought for change,
And death, whenever it comes to me,
Must come on the wild unbroken sea.

ONLY A DOG.

BY GOOSEBERRY GREEN.

Only a dog ! that lies there dead,
The soft eyes dim in his shaggy head ;
Ah ! I see you smile as I bend to weep,
With an aching heart o'er my dog's last sleep.
But to me he was faithful, kind and true,
The sincerest friend that ever I knew.
So naught care I for your idle sneers,
Or sarcastic jests at "a woman's tears,"
For I hold it much, as through life we plod,
To win or loose, e'en the love of a dog.

DECORATION DAY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Bring flowers, sweet flowers,"

The poet said;
The lingering echo
Is not dead.

Through great highways—

O'er bounding waves,
Bring flowers to deck
A million graves.

Bring roses red,
And lilies white,

For fallen heroes
In the fight.

For soldier boys
We love so well,
Plant mignonette
And Immortelle.

The leader brave,
Who faced the foe,

Full many, many
Sleep below.

For such green mound,
Or granite tomb,
Bring balmy flowers
In all their bloom.

Yea ! North and South,
And East and West,
Where'er a soldier
Lies at rest.
Whether the "blue,"
Or whether the "gray,"
Strew dewy garlands
On this day.

You who can give
By your small mite,
Bring from the fields
The daisies white
Sweet buttercups,
And golden rod,
To strew upon
The sacred sod.

The flags half mast,
Against the sky,
Throughout the land
Are floating high.
O'er heroes, who
For honor bled
And nobly died —
Beloved dead !

Bring flowers, sweet flowers,
From far and near.

Oh, men and maids
And children dear !
Remember well
Our nation's braves—
Bring flowers to deck
A million graves.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

The woman whose husband gives her a weekly allowance for household expenses, to be expended as she thinks proper, is generally happy and contented, and takes pride in her work.

Wives, as a rule, dislike to ask their husbands for money ; they shrink from asking for the wherewithal to purchase boots, clothing and the common necessities of life ; it is neither agreeable nor pleasant to them and they should not be forced to do it.

If they do their appointed work the money to carry it on should be freely offered, monthly, or weekly, as may be desired.

Some husbands have seen how much their mothers have suffered for the want of money when their fathers were rich, and they profit by the fact, and give their wives a generous supply, never forcing them to become applicants for it, and by so doing they greatly increase their domestic happiness.

Place confidence in a woman's ability to act, and she will fully repay it; doubt her executive powers—refuse her responsibility—and you may rue it.

Husbands do not pay enough attention to this subject of money.

Many wives of the middle class have been accustomed to earn their own support, to purchase their own wardrobes before they were married. But after marriage all is changed; they must ask for what they require rather than have it paid to them quarterly.

At first their wants are few, or all supplied; but one or two years alter their outlook, and it becomes very dreary.

Can the husband understand this? he will tell you: "My wife has all she asks for," never dreaming how many days it requires to summon her courage to ask for necessities.

DEBT.—Running into debt often tempt people to tell lies. This made a great wit say, "Lying rides on debt's back." When you have contracted a debt you may think little of payment; but creditors have better memories than debtors,—being a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times.

TRUE.—If one-half the people knew what the other said about them friendship would be entirely unknown.

To be too independent with those we love is a mistake to be carefully avoided, for excessive independence is a barrier that checks sympathy as effectually as a rugged boulder stops the even flow of a limpid stream. To yield a little, taking and giving trifling services, not only afford mutual pleasure, but serves to draw closer the silken threads of love, the tension of which, even with our most intimate ones, is apt sometimes to slacken, needing careful watching lest the threads snap entirely.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS S. KEY.

Oh ! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at twilight's last gleaming ?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,
O'er the rampart we watched, were so gallantly
streaming,
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there ;
Oh ! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Sincerity, thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave thy onward path to take dissimulation's winding ways, though hell should gap and cry destruction at thee.—*Lady Randolph.*

A good book and a woman are excellent things for those who know how to justly appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

HOME MUSIC.

A house without music is like a nursery without children—silent, gloomy and desolate. Music is the harmonic soul of life, breathed or suggested everywhere in nature, and only absent from the lips and heart of those who are “fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.” The influence of music is not only soothing and delightful to the ear, but is refining, purifying, and exalting to the mind and heart.

The soul lives its rarest hours in an atmosphere of melody and song, and we contemplate Paradise not unfittingly as realizing our supremest dreams of felicity, with its musical enchantments, its hymning seraphs, who “adore and burn” with extacies that can find utterance only in song. Universal experience attests that the habituation of childhood to pleasant music—as to the presence of flowers—is one of the secret means of softening down harsh tempers and evil passions in the bud. Children cannot grow up rude and boisterous in the midst of harmony and beauty. Music at home is a recreation for the daughter and an attraction for the son. Make home bright, musical and joyous, and few will fly from it to the world’s corrupting diversions and excitements.

HOME.—There’s magic in that little word, it is a magic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond the hallowed limit.

A PATRIOT'S LAST APPEAL.

ROBERT EMMET.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the present domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought on the threshold of my country, and its enemy should only enter by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of a jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country its independence — am I to be loaded with calumny and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid!

If the spirit of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in their transitory life, O, ever-dear and venerable shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have ever for a moment deviated from the principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice — the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim; it circulates warmly

and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven.

Be ye patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says about us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval.

The world caresses the rich, however deficient in intellect or morals, and avoids the poor man of merit in the thread-bare coat.

Prodigals live as if they had but a short time to exist, but misers as if they were never to die.

FROM "GOOD HOUSEKEEPING."

The idea of marriage is the object of life—an end for which girls are to be trained appears often to be the very stumbling block in the way. If they are allowed to grow up thinking of marriage only as a possibility, as an incident in their lives which may or may not happen, will they not be better prepared for whatever fortune may have in store for them? Freed from that anxiety about their future which characterizes many young women, there would seem to be a chance that they might be trained to be happy and to make others happy whether they were married or single. . . . While acknowledging that a well-assorted marriage is, without doubt, the truest and best life for man or woman, can it be denied that an unhappy union is the greatest of sorrows in a woman's life, to say nothing of the train of evils which it brings upon others? If this idea that marriage is the great object—the necessity of woman's life—could be removed, there would certainly be more suitable and fortunate unions and fewer of the hasty, ill-considered, unwise ones. So long as two people who know little of each other's present character, tastes and habits, and nothing of each other's antecedents, will rashly join themselves for life after an acquaintance of a few weeks, so long must we look for the horrors of the newspapers, the scandals of the divorce courts, and the life-long martyrdom

of those who bear the ill they cannot fly from. If girls did not learn from those about them, from much of their teaching, from the very atmosphere of society, that they were expected to marry somebody, they would hardly deem it possible to take such a risk as that of marriage without due consideration. They would wait for the certainty that it was the right thing to do, and that the right person for them had appeared.

Let them feel that the end and aim of their lives is to be fit to be women and to fill their places as such in the world that so much needs both good women and good men, and there is no fear that they will not be quite equal to the situation if they find it best for their happiness to marry.

Make other men's shipwreck thy sea mark.

A SIMILE.

In a Devonshire lane as I trotted along,
'Tother day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, perhaps inspired by the rain,
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long ; and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage holds a linnet ;
For however rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, for there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride ;
And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle, and cross, and run foul of each other.

For poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And care pushes by them with o'erladen crooks,
And strife's jarring wheels strive between them to pass,
And stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut out the beauties around from the sight ;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

The street was wet with the winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid a throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hasten the children on their way.

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop —
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low :
“ I'll help you across if you wish to go.”

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without a hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

“ She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor and slow ;

" And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
" If ever she's old, and poor, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy."

GREAT VARIETIES.

A great woman not imperious,
A fair woman not vain,
A woman of common talent not jealous,
An accomplished woman who scorns to shine,
Are four wonders great enough to be divided
amongst the four quarters of the world.

Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do
you make the road of it, like grace and beauty which
beget inclinations, to love at first sight: 'tis ye that open
this door and let the stranger in.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the con-
sumption of spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if
it trespass not in quantity, quality, or season.

WOMAN'S FATE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Oh ! be not thou cast down, because thy lot
The glory of thy dream ressembleth not ;
Not for herself was woman first create,
Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.
Still, from his birth, his cradle bed she tends
The first, the last, the faithfulest of friends !
Still finds her place in sickness or in woe,
Humble to comfort, strong to undergo ;
Still in the depth of weeping sorrow, tries
To watch his death-bed with her patient eyes !
And doubt not though—(Although at times deceived
Outraged, insulted, slandered, crushed, and grieved
Too often made a victim or a toy.
With years of sorrow, for an hour of joy ;
To oft forgot 'midst pleasure's circling wiles,
Or only valued for her rosy smiles)—
That in the frank and generous heart of man,
The place she holds accords with heaven's high plan !
Still, if from wandering sin reclaimed at all,
He sees in her the angel of recall ;
Still, in the sad and serious ills of life,
Turns to the sister, mother, friend or wife ;
Views with a heart of fond and trustful pride,
His faithful partner by his calm fireside ;

And oft, when barred of fortune's fickle grace,
Leaves his faint head upon her kindly breast
And owns her power to soothe him into rest.
Owns what the gift of woman's love is worth
To cheer his toils and trials upon earth !
Sure it is much, this delegated power,
To be consoler of Man's heaviest hour !
The guardian angel of a life of care,
Allowed to stand 'twixt him and his despair
Such service may be made a holy task ;
And more 'twere vain to hope, and vain to ask
There, O loved and lovely be content
And take thy lot with joy and sorrow blent.
Judge none ; yet let thy share of conduct be,
As knowing judgment shall be passed on thee,
Here and hereafter ; so still undismayed,
And guarded by the sweet thoughts tranquil shade,
Undazzled by the changeful rays which threw
Their light across thy path, while life was new,
Thou shalt move sober on—expecting less,
Therefore the more enjoying happiness.

He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

He is wise who considers water his best and only drink.

THE HEART.

Oh ! give me the heart that with feeling is fraught,
A heart that is pure, that with gold is unbought,
A heart that's unchangeable, gentle, alive,
That kindly can chide and another's ne'er rive.

How happy the friends are, whose hearts are like this,
Their parting is pain, but their meeting is bliss ;
They feel what one-half of the world ne'er can know,
Their friendship on earth is a heaven below.

When self round the heart is too firmly entwined,
It then leaves us nought but the wreck of a mind,
And oh ! such a wreck, many choose for their lot ;
Let theirs be the pleasure—I envy them not.

Their friendship is coldness, their sympathy's gone,
They inhabit a dark world, unheeded, unknown ;
No sun, howe'er bright, can illumine their way,
For no sun shines on them with an unclouded ray.

Then give me a heart to which friendship is dear,
That balm, which alone our sad moments can cheer—
And brighten our way through this dark world of woe,
Where a nominal friend is the deadliest foe.

RESPECTABILITY.

Pray, what do you mean by “ Respectability ? ”
Is it wisdom, or worth, sir, rank, or gentility—

Is it rough sound sense or a manner refined—
Is it kindness of heart or expansion of mind—
Is it learning, or talent, or honor, or fame
That you mean by that phrase (so expressive) to name?
No, no—these are not, sir, the things now in vogue,
A respectable person, sir, may be a great rogue.
A respectable person may be a great fool,
Have lost even the little he picked up at school ;
Be a glutton, a spendthrift, deep drown'd in debt,
May forfeit his honor, his best friend forget :
May be a great sycophant, tyrant, or knave,
But a livery servant, at least he must have ;
In vice he may vie with the vilest of sinners,
But he must keep a cook, and give capital dinners.

MONEY.

The burly smith, with shoulders strong and broad,
His sledge and hammer doth alternate ply ;
The horse outside is waiting to be shod,
While bellows roar, and sparks around him fly.
The shoes are fashioned, punched, and fit to try,
Then what does all this noise and sparks imply?

The wish to gain some money.

The carpenter is working at his bench,
With chisel, mallet, mortising some wood ;
He moves his auger round with steady wrench,

To aid the chisel making mortice good ;
Time saving is by him well understood ;
Then why this thought, this work, this earnest mood ?—
The wish to gain some money.

The sailor braves the dangers of the deep,
The winds, the waves, the hidden rocks, the shore,
The chilling cold, the toil, the want of sleep,
These hardships, and privations—many more
He knows full well are still for him in store,
Then why not leave the ocean and its roar ?—
The wish to gain some money.

The lawyer, with his glib and ready tongue,
Takes up his client's cause with full intent
To make, if needful, right appear the wrong ;
And to mislead, and also circumvent
The jurors' minds—Can lawyers thus assent
To wiles which honesty could not invent ?—
No doubt to earn some money.

Behold the merchant full of care and toil ;
His mind so much intent on wealth and gain,
And fearful lest some accident should spoil
His cherished hopes—his efforts be in vain.
And all the plannings of that busy brain—
Then why subject himself to so much pain ?
His grasping love of money.

Some statesmen also, Tory if not Whig :
They surely look alone to country's good ;
Though not obliged to weave, to forge, to dig,
They sometimes show, alas ! a grasping mood,
And strive for place, as humbler persons would.
Then why such striving, mean, and often rude ?
Simply to gain some money.

And thus in every class and grade of men
The love of money holds its potent sway,
The smith, the sailor, lawyer, statesman, then
Each longs for it in his peculiar way ;
And yet, while often it leads men astray,
Still of its widespread hold is no decay,
This love by all for money.

A MODERN THERSITES.

Belfast, November, 1885.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY FRANKLIN P. DALY.

When I am dead,
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd
Around me gather, and 'mid lamentation loud,
Tell of my virtues, and with vain regret
Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, so soon forget.
But I would have the few, the kindly heart,

Who, when misfortune came, so nobly did their part,
And oft by thoughtful deed their love express —
These would I have, no more, no less —
When I am dead !

When I am dead,
I would not have the high and storied stone
Placed o'er my grave, and then be left alone ;
But I would have some living thing I once did love,
Ere I did leave the joyous world above,
Placed o'er me, and in each succeeding year
I'd have my friends renew them, and oft linger near,
With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid below,
And talk of times departed long ago,
When I am dead !

* * * * *

When I am dead
Forgive — O, this I pray for more than all —
The anguish I have caused, the deed beyond recall,
Think kindly on me as I lie, so cold, so still,
So poor a subject for thine angered ill.
Think of some generous deed, some good word spoken,
Of hearts bound up I found so sad and broken ;
Think gently, when this last long rest is mine,
And gaze upon my form with looks benign —
When I am dead !

THE FORGE.

BY T. D. S.

I.

Oh, if you'd like to learn, in a cheap and cosy school,
The ins and outs of politics, of home and foreign rule ;
How nations should be governed, and how empires rise
and fall,

Drop into Paddy Gowan's forge, and there you'll hear it all.

Oh, clink-clank, clink-clank,
Blow, bellows, blow,
Till the fire is spurting brightly .
And the iron is aglow ;
And his hammer on the anvil
Comes ringing fast and free,
And he clinches all his arguments
With one, two, three !

II.

By force of honest intellect, unhelped by bookish skill,
He settles social questions that might puzzle Stuart Mill ;
He knows how taxes should be raised, and how they
should be spent,
And how poor Ireland has been robbed, and where her
money went.

Oh, clink-clank, clink-clank,
Blow, bellows, blow,

Till the fire is spurting brightly
And the iron is aglow ;
And his hammer on the anvil
Comes ringing fast and free,
And he clinches all his arguments
With one, two, three !

III.

He loves the Irish members who are fighting for the cause —

Brave Sexton, and O'Connor, and Healy of the clause,
But when they were in petticoats was he not heard to say
The thing to do in Parliament was what they do to-day ?

Oh, clink-clank, clink-clank,
Blow, bellows, blow,
Till the fire is spurting brightly
And the iron is aglow ;
And his hammer on the anvil
Comes ringing fast and free,
And he clinches all his arguments
With one, two, three !

IV.

Oh, many a boy now working to set dear Erin free,
In Ireland, and in England, and far beyond the sea,
First learnt his patriot lessons and felt the proud desire
Of freedom kindle in his soul by Paddy's flashing fire.

Oh, clink-clank, clink-clank,
Blow, bellows, blow,
Till the fire is spurting brightly
And the iron is aglow ;
And his hammer on the anvil
Comes ringing fast and free,
And he clinches all his arguments
With one, two, three !

V.

Long life to Paddy Gowan ! God save him from all harm,
God keep the spirit in his heart, the vigor in his arm !
God bless his roadside college ! for our schools, alas !
are few

Where Ireland's cause has teachers so noble and so true !

Oh, clink-clank, clink-clank,
Blow, bellows, blow,
Till the fire is spurting brightly
And the iron is aglow ;
And his hammer on the anvil
Comes ringing fast and free,
And he clinches all his arguments
With one, two, three.

LABOR.—Labor is life ! 'tis the still water faileth ;
idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ; keep the watch
wound, or the dark rust assaileth.

HOW TO TALK WELL.—The art of agreeable conversation is one which all men admire and most men are anxious to learn. There are few subjects upon which young people oftener seek advice from those whose greater experience enables them to give wise counsel. It is frequently said of many kinds of teaching that example is better than precept; but this is not so with regard to the art of conversation. You may hear a man talk with wonderful brilliancy, and yet talk no better yourself than you did before. You must have rules to observe rather than persons to imitate. Boswell accounts for the extraordinary accuracy and flow of language of Dr. Johnson by saying that “he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best, on every occasion and in every company, to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in, and that, by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him.” The course which was pursued by so eminent a scholar, whose conversational powers alone sufficed to make him celebrated, may well be followed by the youth of our day who wish to learn the much-coveted art of conversation.

A friend is to a friend, sun and sun-flower ; at once he attracts and is attracted.

THE HARP OF O'CAROLAN.

BY D. M. JONES.

I.

THE WELCOME.

Forth of a silence weird and olden,
But for her tears had been all golden,
 Whose cup of sorrow overran ;
Tuned to the heart-beats of her bosom,
Who, smiling, sees her hopes in blossom,
 They bring the harp of O'Carolan
 And they sing us the songs of O'Carolan !

Taken from Sorrow's weeping willows,
To catch the spray of briny billows,
 Those tears of joy space scarce can span ;
Wakened by sea-winds westward blowing,
Till all thy golden chords are glowing
 With the heart and soul of O'Carolan —
 Thrice welcome, Harp of O'Carolan !

Kissed by the sunburst round thee clinging,
Proud of the shamrock, with it bringing
 Hope for the universal man,
Come, Harp of Innisfail, the fearless,
And fill the eyelids of the tearless
 With the righteous wrath of O'Carolan —
 With the joyous tears of O'Carolan !

In the New World's harbor kindly greeted,
Where Music's soul is never cheated

 Of one sweet charm by blight or ban ;
Thrilled with the strange and strong emotion
That sways the soul this side the ocean,
 Thrice welcome, Harp of O'Carolan —
 The songs and the soul of O'Carolan !

II.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell, brave Harp, to her returning
For whom unnumbered hearts are yearning,
 Whose cup of joy too soon o'erran ;
Oh ! if there be the least despairing
Or drooping in her glance or bearing,
 Comfort her, Harp of O'Carolan —
 Kindle her courage, O'Carolan !

Lift up thy voice so lark-like loud,
So clear, despite the passing cloud,

 A friendly sky she still may scan ;
And, looking up, cease not to see
The golden sun of Liberty,
 That kindled the soul of O'Carolan —
 The songs and the Harp of O'Carolan !

Harp of the brave, on Freedom's height
We heard, with hers attuned aright !
 Refuse the fires of hate to fan ;

But be a fountain, cool and sweet,
Amid the conflict's torrid heat,
For thou art the harp of O'Carolan —
And the song is the song of O'Carolan !

Lest her songs be sung by slavish rote,
The passion native to thy note
Lose not, echoed from clan to clan !
Be strains like thine the heavenly vent
And healing of her discontent ;
While calm-voiced Patience steadies the van
Of her conquering cohorts, O'Carolan !

“ GOD SAVE LIBERTY.”

BY J. J. M.

Wake ! sons of Erin, wake !
Great freedom's cause uptake !
Your rights defend !
Stand in your new given power !
Stand in your manhood's dower !
Stand ! Though grim tyrants lower,
To make you bend.

Think ! Ye who till the ground ;
And ye whose lives are bound,
In labor's grove !

Whose hand hath wrenched the chain
That fettered heart and brain?
Let not his toil be vain!
Nor ingrates prove!

Strange leaders bid for place:
But let all hirelings grace
The hireling crew!
We will like one agree,
And trust our liberty
With him who made us free,
Old Gladstone true.

It is not in the mountains, in the palaces of pride,
That love, the winged wizard, is contented to abide,
In meek and humble spirits, the truest love is found,
As the lark that sings in Heaven, builds her nest upon
the ground,
His cradle is the lily, by the breath of autumn stirred
For love is often shaken by the whispering of a word;
His smile is in the sunshine, and his voice is in the
glade,
Oh! that winter should o'ertake it with its silence and
its shade.

The soul never assents to sin, and weeps with the
angels when the form in which it dwells, violates the
sacred obligations thus imposed upon it.

OH! FLY TO THE HILLS.

BY WILLIAM GRAHAM.

"Miss Janet Makinzie plighted her troth to the young advocate, as soon as he agreed to assume the white cockade, and she sent him forth to win her hand by perilling his own life in a contest, which to all except the enthusiastic, appeared desperate."

Oh ! fly to the hills where our banner is borne,
To float in the breezes and welcome the morn,
When its folds will unfurl to the breath of the sky,
When thousands are panting to conquer or die,
And when you return with your claymore and plaid,
I will weave a love knot for your bonnie cockade.

He knelt by his mistress, and vowed on that night
By his hope of her love, to rush forth to the fight ;
And he kissed her pale cheek as he faltered adieu !
While the tears of affection fell warm on the dew.
And high beat the heart of the Jacobin maid
As she prayed for success to his bonnie cockade.

Oh ! love thou art nurtured in sorrow and tears,
And the anguish of mortals thy pastime appears,
While the maiden looked out for her lover in vain
To sleep on her bosom, he slept with the slain,
And never came back with his claymore and plaid
From the grave where his love and allegiance were laid.

ALLEN A' DALE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allen a' Dale has no faggot for burning,
Allen a' Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen a' Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen a' Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allen a' Dale.

The baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkendale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Darce than Allen a' Dale.

Allen a' Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spear be as sharp, and his blade be as
bright ;
Allen a' Dale is no baron nor lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word,
And the best of our nobles their bonnets will veil,
When at Rerecress or Stanmore meets Allen a' Dale.

Allen a' Dale to his wooing is come,
The mother she asks of his house and his home,
Though the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,

My hall, quoth bold Allen, stands gallanter still.
"Tis the blue vault of heaven, and its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles, said Allen a' Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
They lifted the latch, and they bid him begone ;
But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry !
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest, to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen a' Dale.

FEMALE PURITY.

All the influences which women enjoy in society—
their right to the exercise of that maternal care which
forms the first and most indelible species of education ;
the wholesome restraint which they possess over the
passions of mankind ; their power of protecting us when
young, and cheering us when old, depend so entirely
upon their personal purity and the charm that it casts
around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value
is wilfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which
civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its com-
forts.

Dean Swift says, a woman may knit her stockings
but not her brows ; she may darn her hose, but not her
eyes ; curl her hair but not her lip ; she may thread her
needle but not the public street.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready,
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady.
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,
Give me the grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman !
Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy yeoman !
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never :
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another ;
Give me the hand that has never forsaken it,
Give me the grasp that I aye may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair, blue veined maiden !
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen !
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never !
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshaken by party ;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines in the summer.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another !
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never !
Give me the hand that is friendly for ever.

ENDURE HARDSHIPS.

As a gladiator trains the body so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads as well as the smooth and pleasant; and portions of our daily duty at least must be hard and discouraging; for the mind cannot be kept strong in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

How near to each other lie the dignity and debasement of the human understanding. Love instead of being a sentiment is a passion. Charity, ostentation. Religion, fanaticism. Eloquence, the desire of popular applause, and patriotism, ambition. Virtue is made for difficulties, and grows stronger and brighter for such trials. If a thing be not right, do it not; if it be not true, speak it not.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

MORALITIES.

What is love? Alas!
 'Tis a jest, a sigh,
Full of sad and sunny tears,
 I know not why.

What is war? a grave
 Where the soldiers die,
Some for gain, or glory, some,
 They know not why.

What is hope? It is
 Life's divinest joy;
When all others vanish, that
 At last is by.

What is joy? Fawn
 That doth ever fly
Till we touch't them at change,
 And says, good bye.

What is life? a dream
 Full of visions high,
Where we seek and never find
 Until we die.

What is death? Ah! me,
 Touch me not so nigh!
Shall I, may I, can I tell?
 Alas! not I.

THE ASPEN.

There is a tradition that our Saviour's Cross was made of the wood of this tree, and that its leaves have thrill'd and quivered ever since.

Daylight is dying, but the west
Still with the pomp of sunset glows,
And crimson clouds on mountain's breast,
And tower, and tree, its radiance thrown,
While one by one in Eastern skies
“The stars that usher evening rise.”

How deep, how holy, is the calm !
Each sound seems hush'd by magic spell,
As if sweet peace, her honeyed balm
Blent with each dew-drop as it fell.
Would that the cares that man pursue,
A pause like this of nature knew ;
Yet in this deep tranquility,
When e'en the thistle's down is still :
Trembles yon towering aspen tree,
Like one whose by-gone deeds of ill
At hush of night, before him sweep
To scare his dreams and “murder sleep.”

For oft in highland wilds, 'tis said,
But truth now laughs at fancy's lore,
That of this tree the cross was made

Which erst the Lord of glory bore ;
And of that deed its leaves confess
E'er since a troubled conscienceness.

We boast of clearer light ; but say
Hath science, in his lofty pride,
For every legend swept away
Some better, holier truth supplied ?
What hath she to the wanderer given
To help him on his road to heaven ?

Say who has gazed upon this tree
With that strange legend in his mind,
But inward turn'd his eye to see
If answering feeling he could find
A trembling for that guilt that gave
His Saviour to the cross and grave ?

And who such glance did inward bend,
But scorned the apathy and pride,
Which made him slight that more than friend
For him who bled, for him who died ;
Nor pray'd his callous heart might prove
What 'tis to tremble, weep, and love ?

THE SPIRIT OF THE WOOD.

Envy is always fixed on something superior, and like a sore eye, is offended with every thing bright.

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

It is confidently reported that the King of the French is about to send a ship of war to St. Helena, to bring the remains of Napoleon to France, the English government having consented to that measure.

Oh ! tear him not from the lonely spot—
From the shade of the weeping tree ;
Where round his ashes the wild wave dashes
In the waste of the Southern sea.

Like a bow unstrung when the fight was done,
A bright lamp quenched in the burning,
Is the mouldering bone 'neath that gray stone,
And dust to its dust returning.

In the grave is peace, there all troubles cease,
There is peace for the weary head,
From the griefs of earth, from the curse of birth,
They invade not his quiet bed.

On the stately gloom of a marble tomb,
With trophies of war on it laid,
Add to his glory, or blazen his story !
Let him rest with the quiet dead.

Then oh ! touch him not, the poor exile's lot
Was chequered by glory and woes ;
Then now let him keep his home on the deep,
France ! France ! let thy warrior repose.

WE MEET IN CROWDS.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

We meet in crowds ! who used to meet all lonely,
Where the soft moonbeams trembling lit the shade,
And for the vows we interchanged, now only
Are the cold courtesies of fashion paid !

We meet in crowds, where empty mirth is lighting
The flashing eye, but reaches not the heart ;
Where pleasure brims the cup with smiles inviting,
And lures her victims with a syren's art.

We meet in crowds ! Oh how unlike the meeting
Our bosom knew in those sweet bygone years ;
When Time's swift pinions seemed on sunbeams fleeting,
And youths' light footsteps trod alone on flowers.

We meet in crowds !—as strangers—cold and sadly,,
Who ne'er had met, nor e'er may meet again ;
We part !—and in each bosom, deeply, madly,
Rankles the wound, that must for aye remain.

Stranger ! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here ;
Blessed be he that spares these stones
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

—*Epitaph of Shakespeare.*

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

The stranger's heart, oh ! wound it not,
A yearning anguish is its lot ;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger hath no home with thee.

Thou thinkest the vine's low rustling leaves,
Glad music round thy household eves ;
To him that voice has sorrow's tone,
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou thinkest it sweet, when friend with friend,
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend ;
Then does the stranger's eye grow dim,
Far, far are those that pray'd with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land,
The voices of thy kindred band,
Oh ! 'midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart !

FLATTERY.—Princes love flatterers, but are not over-liberal in rewarding them. Some women, who can forget a thousand kind services, because they are fair, and love their beauty above all things, never forget one's flattery, but still even love them best who deceive them most.

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in the summer time,
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer in the sea ;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands that clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour ;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But, oh ! if those that cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

THE TROOPER TO HIS MARE.

BY CHARLES G. HALPINE ("MILES O'REILLY.")

Sweet girl, that has borne me far and fast
On pawing hoofs that were never loth,
Our galop to-day may be the last
For thee, or for me, or perhaps for both.
As I tighten your girth do you nothing daunt?
Do you catch the hint of our forming line?
And now the artillery moves to the front,
Have you never a qualm, Bay Bess of mine?

It is dainty to see you sidle and start
As you move to the battle's cloudy marge,
And to feel the swell of your wakening heart
When our sonorous bugles sound a charge ;
And the scream of the shell and the roar of the drum
You feign to be frightened with roguish glance ;
But up the green slopes where the bullets hum
Coquettishly, darling, I've known you dance.

Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,
Your eyes are a bird's or a loving girl's ;
And from delicate fetlock to stately head
A throbbing vein cordage around you curls,
O joy of my heart ! if you they slay,
For triumph or rout I little care ;
For there isn't in all the wide valley to-day
Such a dear little bridewise thoroughbred mare.

GOUGANA BARRA.

This poem was written about the year 1826, by I. J. Callanan, a native of Cork. He died at Lisbon in 1829, and his grave was made, not by the "Calm Avonbue," in accordance with his fervent prayer, but by the banks of the Tagris—far away from the "deep valley'd Desmond." A volume of his poems was published soon after his death, and among them are many of merit, fully equal to the fine example we have quoted.

There is a green island in lone Gougana Barra,
Where allu of song rushes forth like an arrow ;
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the moun-
tains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time stricken willow
Looks chiding down on the mirth of the billows,—
As like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills, oh ! to see them all brightning,
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down, 'mid the thunders deep
rattle,

Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mulloe the eagles are screaming,
Oh ! where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So sweet for a bard as that lone little Island !
How oft when the summer sun rested on Clare,
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivere,

Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
(And thought of the bards who, oft gathering together
In the clefts of thy rocks, and the depths of thy heather,
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water,)
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion.

High sons of the lyre ! Oh ! how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone, through that solitude stealing ;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strains of the harp from its slumber,
And gleaned the grey legend that long had been slum-
bering

Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love that I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory.

Last bard of the free, was it mine to inherit,
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit ;
With the wrongs which, like thee, to my own land have
bound me,

Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me ;
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley,
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might liberty rally,
But rouse thee, vain dreamer ! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I soon shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken ;

Some minstrel will come in the Summer eve's gleaming,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbue seeks the kisses of ocean,
And a wild wreath to plant, from the bank of the river,
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent forever.

THE BLUSH.

See how the blood rises in the cheek of yonder maiden ; I have thought that blushes are the pulse of virtuous feeling, and which being touched by the un-washen hand of lust or villainy, doth beat thus highly, yet 'tis a healthful fever.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never allow misfortune to make you selfish, but imitate the example of Fenelon, who, when his library was on fire, exclaimed, “ God be praised that it is not the dwelling of a poor man.”

Kind words are amongst the brightest flowers of earth ; they convert the humblest home into a paradise ; therefore use them around the fireside circle. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom, it simply consists in treating others as you love to be treated yourself.

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY MISS LANDON.

We might have been ! these are but common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing ;
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music life deplores when unavailing.
We might have been.

We might have been so happy ! says the child,
Pent in the weary school-room during summer,
When the green rushes 'mid the marshes wild,
And rosy fruits attend the radiant roamer.
We might have been.

Alas ! how different from what we are
Had we but known the bitter path before us ;
But feelings, hopes, and fancies left afar,
What, in the wide, bleak world can e'er restore us ?
We might have been.

It is the end of all human things,
The end of all that wait on mortal seeking ;
The weary weight upon Hope's flagging wings,
It is the cry of the worn heart while breaking.
We might have been.

A cold fatality attends on love,
Too soon or else too late the heart beat quickens ;

The star which is our fate springs up above,
And we but say—while round the vapor thickens,
We might have been.

Thenceforth how much of the full heart must be
A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble ;
A still voice utters, 'mid our misery,
The worst to hear—because it must dissemble,
We might have been.

The future never renders to the past
The young belief, entrusted to its keeping ;
Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last,
On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping,
We might have been.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, or Love, are three such inseparables that they have been likened to a plant, Faith being the root, Hope the upward rising stem, and Love the bright and glowing fruit.

As a person's yes and no, so is all his character. A downright yes and no marks the firm ; a quick the rapid ; and a slow one a cautious or timid character.

The brightest blaze of intelligence is of less value than the smartest spark of charity. Habit a second nature, which sometimes supersedes the first.

A PEEP AT THE PUBLIC MAN.

BY EARNEST JONES.

I've met the young man, ardent all,
Starting on fire at glory's call ;
Have heard him, too, with patriot grace
Refuse — yes ! even refuse a place !
And, yet invincible to bribe,
Launch forth his noble diatribe ;
Have heard him coughed and jested down,
Alike in parliament and town ;
For every one was held uncouth,
Who smacked of honesty and truth,—
Till drawn to fashion's shot-silk banners,
False beauty's smiles, like snares were spread,
Cold irony's keen arrows sped ;
While bright before his eyes were set
Gay ribbon, star, and coronet,
All — all the hopes of joy and ease,
At that one price alone — to please !
To please ? — to dress by fashion's glass,
To serve the few and spurn the mass,
Cease to be bold, and frank and hearty,
Abandon country for a party !
While dignities were let for hire,
The highest bidder still the buyer,
Till little of the man remained,

And country lost what party gained.
At first I have beheld him burn,
Then stand, then waver, and then turn !
How few could brave, how few could shun
The many bearing on the one !
Oh ! who the tempting could withstand ?
Who would not choose the safe left hand ?
Within the courtly harbor get
And anchor with a coronet,
Held by a ribbon from afar,
And blazoned — Bondsman ! by a star.

BREATH — Air received into the lungs by many young men of fashion, for the important purpose of smoking cigars and whistling a tune.

CHARITY — The only thing that we can give away without losing it.

PRODIGALS live as if they had but a short time to exist ; but misers as if they were never to die.

LAWYER — A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

RURAL FELICITY — Potatoes and turnips.

He who combats his own evil fashions and desires enters into the severest battle of life ; and he who combats successfully obtains the greatest victory.

INFLUENCES.

Let all thine influences, e'en the least,
Improve thy fellows, and take heed at home
How eloquent are looks! From them we draw
Always our first impressions — oft our last.
The child had marked its mother's loving smile
Long ere it learned its father's lesson grave ;
'Twas from its mother's fond approving look
The boy became a painter.

Finally :

Of all thine influences take most heed
Of thine unstudied ones. Full many a man
Can with the lightning flash, that cannot shine
With the mild sun ; but the impetuous storm
Is valueless beside the silent dew.
So the good deeds of a pure-hearted man
Are the least portion of his influence,
And that of which thyself art conscious least,
May be most felt by others. The presence e'en
Of a good man is no mean homily —
Of a bad man, a curse. Shine like a star ;
And glare not as a beacon. The white slime
Betrays the tortuous track of the bold worm ;
The ocean long retains the foamy trace
Of the dividing keel, and shall man pass —
The meanest man — through this vibrating world,
Without his leaving, where he once had been,

His footprint, deep and all indelible !
In thy worn track across the heath of life
Full many an after traveller will tread.
See that thou lead him not away from God,
But prove a certain pioneer to heaven.

Though the prize of the "Golden Violet" was not awarded to the following poem, which was written on the occasion of the late Fete Champetre in the Botanic Gardens, we think the fair judges must have had some difficulty in finding another piece of equal merit.

THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

The gay Daffodil once, an amorous blade,
Stole out of his bed in the dark,
And waking his man, Ragged Robin, he strayed
To breathe forth his vows to a Violet maid
That lived in a neighboring park.

A spiteful old Nettle Aunt, frowned on their love,
But Daffy, who smiled at her power,
A Shepherd's Purse slipped in the nurse's Fox-glove,
Then up Jacob's Ladder he flew to his love,
And into the young virgin's bower.

The Maiden's Blush Rose, and she seem'd all dismayed,
Attired in her White Lady-Smock,
She called Mignonette, but the sly little jade
That instant was hearing a sweet serenade
From the lips of a tall Hollyhock.

The Pheasant's Eye — always a mischievous wight
For spying out something not good,
Avowed that he peeped through the keyhole that
night,
When clearly he saw by a glow-worm's light
Their two faces under a Hood.

This tale spread about through the busy parterre,
Miss Columbine turned up her nose,
The proud Lady Lavender said, with a stare,
That her friend, Mary Gold, had been heard to
declare,
“ The creature had toy'd with the Rose.”

Each Sage looked severe, and each Coxcomb look'd
gay,
When Daffy, to make her mind easy,
Miss Violet married, one morning in May,
And sure as you live, before next Lady Day
She'll bring him a Michalmas Daisy.

A good education is a better safeguard for liberty
than a standing army or severe laws.

Friendship is a silent gentleman, and makes no parade ;
the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

STANZA.

Barbara, thou art gone to rest,
Why should we weep o'er thee?
Light the turf lies on thy breast,
Soft the winds breath o'er thee.

Here within thy native clay,
Calmly thou art sleeping;
Safer, happier, far than they
Who are o'er thee weeping.

Pleasant is thy lowly bed,
Close to those that love thee;
Trees 'neath which thy childhood played,
Gently waving o'er thee.

Hark the thrush, how sweet his lay!
See the flowers how blooming!
“Weep not for the dead,” they say,
Though in earth consuming.

“Weep not for her — she is gone
Where no cares can move her;
All her earthly labor done,
All her troubles over.

“Weep not — she has found a home,
Where no sorrow paineth;
Sin, nor tears, nor terror comes,
Where a Saviour reigneth.”

THE EASTERN WOMAN.

BY MR. MILNES.

Behind the lattice, closely laced,
With filagree of choice design,
Behind the veil whose depth is traced
By many a complicated line,—
Behind the lofty garden wall,
Where stranger face can ne'er surprise
That inner world, her all-in-all,
The Eastern Woman lives and dies.

Husband and children, round her draw
The narrow circle where she dwells ;
His will the simple perfect law,
That scarce with joy her mind molest.
Their birth and tutelage, the ground,
And meaning of her life on earth,
She knows not elsewhere could be found
The measure of a woman's worth.

If young and beautiful, she dwells
An idol in a secret shrine,
Where one high priest alone dispels
The solitude of charms divine,
And in his happiness she lives,
And in his honor has her own,

And dreams not that the love she gives
Can be too much for him alone.

Within the gay Kiosk reclined,
Above the scent of lemon groves,
Where bubbling fountains woo the wind,
And birds make music to their loves.
She lives a kind of fairy life
In sisterhood with fruits and flowers,
Unconscious of the outward strife
That wear the palpitating hours.

And when maturer duties.

In pleasure's and in passion's place,
Her duteous loyalty supplies
The presence of departed grace ;
So hopes she by untiring faith
To win the bliss, to share with him
Those glories of celestial youth
That time can never taint or dim.

Thus in the ever-closed harem,
As in the open Western world,
Sheds womanhood her starry gleam
Over our beings' busy foam ;
Through latitudes of varying faith
Thus trace we still her mission sure,
To lighten life, to sweeten death,
And all for others to endure.

WORTH KNOWING.

A man never forgives the woman who has deliberately exerted the winning powers of her sex to deceive him. Wound his tenderness, arouse his jealousy, overwhelm him with reproaches, and he may overlook and excuse all. But make him the dupe of any design, let him feel that you have coldly spread out your fascinations for a selfish purpose, and he is lost to you forever; even if his heart could return to its allegiance it would scarcely be worth having.

CHARACTER IS ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

Without a good character happiness is never known; all that exalts, ennobles, embellishes, and dignifies humanity is blended in the beauty and the glory of a truly genuine character. All the treasures of ten thousand worlds will not compare in value with one pure heart for the production of all that is satisfying and blessed. They will not purchase peace, nor joy, nor sacred rest, nor the sweet tranquility of an unsullied conscience, nor one single moment's real bliss. They can never be exchanged for those golden gloried virtues that blossom all over a good character like the blossoms on a thick bed of roses, and which are as rich in the sweet incense that the heart loves most as the flowers are in refreshing fragrance. The youth who places a proper

estimate upon a good character has learned a lesson that is more valuable to him than any thing else possibly can be. He has learned the source of his purest joys. But the happiness and blessedness of a good character are not confined to the sunny chambers of its possessor. Character is catching; if one has good character, he gives something of its goodness to all with whom he associates. If his heart is radiant with the light of virtue, that light gets out and shines in upon the heart of others.

The spirit of politeness consists in giving such attention to our manners and language that those around us are left content with us and themselves.

SONG.

They saw that I was fair and bright,
And bore me far away;
Within the Sultan's halls of light
A glittering wretch to stay.
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,
Where the dark wild billows foam,
Nor heard the sigh I heav'd for thee
My own, my childhood's home.

They deck my arms with jewels rare,
That glitter in the sun,

And braid with pearls my long black hair,
I sigh when all is done.
I'd give them all for one bright hour,
Free and unwatched to roam,
I'd give them all for one sweet flower,
From thee, my childhood's home.

They bring my low toned harp, and bid
My voice the notes prolong,
And oft my soul is harshly chid,
When tears succeed to song.
Alas ! my lips can sing no more,
When o'er my spirit come
The strains I heard in thee of yore,
My own, my childhood's home.

“MOLL” PITCHER AT MONMOUTH.

So you ask me for a story of the battle days of yore,
Ere our country's flag triumphant waved aloft from shore
to shore.
You have read of Concord's struggle, of the fight at
Bunker Hill,
How our brave men went to battle, bloody graves too
soon to fill ;
You have read the thrilling story of the ride of Paul
Revere,

When all hearts were filled with anguish, and war's
gloomy cloud was near;
But there is another story, braver one no man can tell,—
How "Moll" Pitcher fought at Monmouth, when her
husband bleeding fell;
And in all the tales of daring on the storied page enrolled,
You can find no nobler record than "Moll" Pitcher's life
has told.

She was one of many women, who, in Freedom's dark-
est day,
Left the joys of home behind them, dared the battle-
field's array,
Trembled not when war's dread thunder pierced the still
and pulseless air,
Trembled not when faint hearts listened to the music of
despair;
Whispered comfort to the dying, closed the pale lips of
the dead,
While the angry bullets hissed their solemn requiem,
overhead.

From far Erin's isle of sorrow to our shores she comes
a bride,
With her husband, strong in hope and manly vigor by
her side;
'Twas a tyrant hand that forced them from their dear old
island home,

Far from kin, and graves of kindred, in our foreign land
to roam.

Well they labored, ne'er forgetting all their sorrows of
the past ;
And when war's dread clarion sounded, borne upon the
northern blast,
Side by side they went to battle, to engage the English
foe,
Who had made their land an outcast among nations long
ago.

Long and loud the battle thundered on the slopes of
Mommouth town,
And a hail of leaden fury mowed brave friend and foe-
man down.
To and fro the long ranks surging, like the billows of the
main,
With the wreck of human valor, strewed the hillside and
the plain.

There beside his smoking cannon, gallant Pitcher plied
him well,
Till the deadly bullet pierced him,—at his post he
bravely fell.
In that waving line of battle there was none his place to
fill,

And the gun that shrieked death's message, like its master's heart, was still.

"Bear it back," the chieftain shouted, "we have none to man it now."

There was sadness in his bidding, there was gloom upon his brow;

'Twas an hour when brave hearts trembled for the outcome of the fight,

And when many men looked sadly for the coming of the night.

In that hour of grief and sorrow, in the battle's fiercest flame,

To the front, with eyes enkindled, then "Moll" Pitcher swiftly came;

She had seen her husband perish in the thickest of the fight,

And the lips that whispered love, she sees now cold and ghastly white.

Does she falter as she sees him with his pale face lying low?

Does she falter as she gazes on his life blood's ruddy glow?

'Tis a time for woman's weeping—has she not a woman's heart?

Ah, brave heroine, she forces back the tears that fain would start!

Pausing not for idle weeping—slowly turned she from
her dead,—

“I will take my husband's place, sir, and avenge his
death,” she said.

All day long the sound of battle thundered on the Sab-
bath air,—

Shouts of living, groans of dying, death and sorrow
everywhere;

All day long beside the cannon brave “Moll” Pitcher
wrought her part,

While the shot that killed her husband deeply sank with-
in her heart.

Well did she avenge her dearest on the bloody field that
day;

And when Night climbed up the heavens, treading stars
along her way,

When the sound of strife was ended, and the day's red
work was done,

Then, and not till then, “Moll” Pitcher turned to mourn
her dearest one.

O my children, as you gather in your pleasant homes to-
night,

And enjoy the many blessings that now make your lives
so bright,

Treasure well your country's freedom—fair Columbia's
noblest boast—

Guard it well—no one can tell you all the precious blood
it cost ;
And pray God that he may give us blessed peace from
shore to shore.
And that in our land the cannon's voice shall tell of war
no more.

PAUL M. RUSSELL.

ABINGTON, MASS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, PREACHER, PAT-
RIOT, PHILANTHROPIST.

Like a fountain that upsprings,
In a desert wild and drear,
Like a clarion note that rings
Through the fastnesses of fear ;

Like a fortress on a rock,
Set to guard a wide domain,
Sheltering the affrighted flock
When Destruction sweeps the plain ;

Like a storm whose grandeur wild
Takes its way at heaven's behest :
Like a Samson undefiled,
To Untruth a fatal guest :

Thus, with thoughts that flame and soar,
Thus, with spirit-weaponed hand.

For dear peace and righteous war,
Stood our preacher in the land.

Gracious nature, graceful art,
Wove for him their blended crown ;
He could bless with brimming heart,
He could call God's thunder down.

Bitter woes of humankind !
Sin and sorrow, grief and wrong,
Was he to your beckoning blind ?
Did he slight you in his song ?

And the mystic things of God
That we dimly apprehend,
Did he tread them, roughly shod,
Shatter beauties without end ?

I remember well the thrill
Multitudes were glad to share
When the solemn aisles did fill
With the music of his prayer ;

With his sermon wisely planned ;
Reasoned with a master's might ;
Faith's illuminating hand
Touched its sentences with light.

That we had him is a boon
That commands a song of praise :

That we lose him oversoon
Is a grief for all our days.

Having? Losing? All those years
Pregnant with celestial fire;
Can we quench them with our tears
Like a warrior's funeral pyre?

No, those treasures dearly bought
Are beyond the reach of fate;
They are builded in our thought,
They are welded in our state.

On the solemn judgment mount,
He, methinks, may fearless stand.
For the final dread account,
With his record in his hand.

A great army would attest
The true succor that he gave
To the poor God loveth best,
To the woman, to the slave!

He once more may fitly pray
If a prayer can sound in heaven:
"Be God's help to me this day,
As the help that I have given."

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE IVY.

A welcome to the ivy, and a blessing on its leaves,
That spread their cheerful branches round when barren
nature grieves.

A welcome to the friendly plant that will not go astray,
Though crumbling walls are sinking into ruin and decay.
The relics of antiquity—the halls of feudal power,
Behold their faithful monitor, on turret, wall and tower;
And when unto her lover waved the scarf of lady fair,
The roving edge of time instead, behold the ivy there!

A welcome to the ivy, for it speaks of friendship true,
That lingers to the last around the fabric where it grew,
Though tower and turret moulder, yet the ivy still is
green,

And mirrors to the present those events that once have
been.

We liken it in summer, when the dew its tendrils deck,
To the child that hung in confidence around its mother's
neck,

But when in frosty winter time, it shelters from the
blast,

It's like indeed, a woman, who proves constant to the
last.

The soul, too, hath its ivy in the shadows of the past
That round the broken heart will cling in freshness to the
last.

The memory of by-gone days, when love and hope were
youug,
Is but the stem that o'er some tomb its ivy leaves had
flung.
Our eyes that once beamed bright on us, in after years
we dwell,
And phantom voices speak again, in tones we loved full
well ;
But still those happy dreams with which we would not
wish to part,
Are proofs that mental ivy grows around the ruined
heart.

E. L. R.

WHAT IS HOPE?

What is Hope?—'tis a sweet feeling
An op'ning flower, forever revealing,
Some visionary hue.
It bears the wandering thoughts on high—
It stems the tear—the rising sigh—
And points where joys immortal lie,
Hid from the scoffer's view.

What is Hope?—a peaceful stream,
Refreshing life's e'er wasting stream,
And fertilizing love :

A planet 'mid the murkiest night,
A smile, when adverse storms affright
Away the glad hours of young delight,
 Sent from above.

What is Hope?—a verdant spot,
Where all our sorrows are forgot,

 A meteor 'mid the gloom ;
A spring upon the sultry plain,
A life-skiff on the boistrous main,—
An April's breath, a summer's rain,
 A blossom born to bloom.

What is Hope?—A bliss that springs
Spontaneously, when coldness wrings
 The ever flexible soul.

A sacred boon—the gift of heaven,
To all earth's suffering offspring given
By time, nor scene, nor change e'er riven,
 As years their courses roll.

THE FEARFUL MAN.—He who dreads giving light to the people, is like a man who builds a house without windows, for fear of lightning. You cannot fathom your mind; there is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and plentiful it will be.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

'Twas in an old oak chamber
And some laughing girls were there,
Who braided orange blossoms
In a blushing playmate's hair.
A snowy veil they o'er her cast,
And led her to the door ;
She left that old oak chamber—
Her girlhood's time was o'er ;
And oh ! she looked so beautiful
Amidst her hopes and fears,
With her smiles that burst like sunshine
Through many a shining tear ;
Methought she like a lily seemed,
Which floats on some bright stream.
How blest was I ! that bride was mine—
But only in a dream.
It might have been.

As she left her mother's home,
The village chimes were heard,
Mingling with the scent of flowers,
And voice of many a bird.
The young came forth from every porch
To see her as she passed ;
The old to bless her gentle face,
And look, perhaps, their last.

Then round the altar's rails we stood ;
And then she vowed, through life,
To cling in weal, to cling in woe ;
The girl became a wife !
Oh ! day for which the heart long yearned,
Burst in that vision's gleam—
My first, my only love, was mine—
Was mine but in a dream.

It might have been.

The eye from dreary wastes delights
To gaze on spots that 're green ;
So through my troubled life love I
To thought bring back that dream.
Its bare remembrance softens yet
The draught in sorrow's glass—
Though I can never dare to hope
That dream will come to pass.
My falsehood wrung her loving heart
And faded her fair brow ;
But has she not been well avenged
By that which parts us now ;
I live to feel I love her still,
Though cold to all I seem ;
Had I been true how well I know
What would have been—no dream.

It might have been.

J. STONEHOUSE.

THE OAK TREE.

In childhood's bright morn, ere I quitted my home,
I planted an acorn in sport at the door ;
Then for many a year 'twas my fortune to roam,
And revisit the scenes of my childhood no more.

When next I returned to my dear native cot,
Youth advancing to manhood was fearless and gay,
And a vigorous sapling that rose on the spot,
Told alone of the years that had glided away.

Many more rolled along amid life's changing scenes
Ere the home of my childhood again I could see.
Then a wide-spreading oak overshadowed the green,
And the gloom that it spread was congenial to me.

On the tender young plant I had carved a loved name,
When I last stood beside it unwilling to part,
The name of the false one remains on the stem,
And I feel it, alas ! written still on my heart.

When in youthful devotion the letters I drew
The friend of my bosom stood smiling the while ;
'Twas he stole my bride, and the scene, when I view,
Like a spectre it haunts me—that treacherous smile.

But 'tis past, and beneath the old oak is my seat,
While the shrill winds of autumn the sere branches wave,
I gaze on the leaves as they fall at my feet,
And feel that ere long they will fall on my grave.

THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

Is yonder little snowy dome
The sacred shrine, the silent tomb,
Where thinking strangers love to come,
 Where genius mourns,
The last—the solitary home
 Of thee, poor Burns?

Yes—yes, that dome adorns thy bed,
'Twas given by those who scarcely bread
When living gave thee—not a shed
 To hide thy wants;
But now would o'er thy head
 Build monuments.

The little spot is thine. And who
Shall turn thee from thy tenure now?
Thy lease is long, thy landlord true.
 Thy troubles cease.

The great can have no more than thou
 From heaven's lease.

Swan of the Nithe! thy wing was light,
Thy plume was whitest of the white,
But wild and wayward was thy flight
 From wave to wave.

One course was thine, wayward and bright,
E'en to thy grave.

Swan of the Nithe ! If aught in thee
Sullied thy brightness, none should see
The blemish. Men should view, like me,
Thy life's short dream,
And let thy faults, like swan's feet, be
Sunk in the stream.

TSAR OLEG.

Tsar Oleg was riding through holy Kieff
With the bright flashing trooping spear and shield,
And his loving people bent low where he passed,
As a wind sweeps over the full-ripe field.

When with staff upheld in the swaying throng,
The royal Soothsayer stood in the way,
And he cried, " Beware ! Death shall smite thee, O king,
From the milk-white steed thou bestridest to-day ! "

Tsar Oleg he pondered and mused awhile,
And anon he alit from his gallant steed—
" An' if this must be, I will ride thee no more,
Go, lead him, ye grooms, to some sunny mead."

When a herald came out of the Grecian bounds,
And for tribute refused blew a challenge of war,
Tsar Oleg, he leaped on a berry-brown steed,
And led his hosts to the southward afar.

Till he girdled the Bosphorus-gazing walls,
And made the Cæsars bow down to fate,
And departing, he said, "Be forever a mark!"
And he fixed his shield on the city's gate.

And in triumph to holy Kieff he returned,
With hostages, plunder and martial spoils,
And he said in his heart, "We have fought, we have
won,
We will rest now in glory from warlike toils."

When he sudden remembered the warning voice
That smote his ears ere he rode to war,
And he bade the Soothsayer before him stand—
"How twinkles, O prophet, my fateful star?
"How prances the fateful and baleful steed?
Will he neigh, will he leap to the trumpet still?"
"O, my liege, nevermore; for these seven years' wind
Hath his bones all bleached upon yon green hill."

Up rose Tsar Oleg, and called for his horse,
And he followed the seer to that south-sloping lea—
He went gyved and guarded that Soothsayer gray,
And yet with a steady, proud step walked he.
And the king saw the bones of his milk-white steed,
Where the tops of the deep grass rose and fell,
And the silver-shod hoofs and the bridle of gold,
And the golden stirrups, he knew them well.

And he set his foot on the hollow skull,—

While his nobles stood round him with bated breath—
And he asked, with scorning, “Thou prophet of ills,
Comes hurt from a carcass, or death from death?”

And he spake to his guards, “Let the false prophet die!”

“The fates know me royal,” he thought in his pride,
When lo! from the skull sprang an adder fang’d,
And stilled with its venom his heart’s high tide.

J. J. KENNEALY.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Without unremitting labor, success in life, whatever our occupation, is impossible. A fortune is not made without toil, and money earned comes to few. The habitual loiterer never brings anything to pass. The young men you see lounging around, waiting for the weather to change before they go to work, break down before they start. Ability and willingness to labor are the two great conditions to success. It is useless to work an electric machine in a vacuum; but the air may be full of electricity, and still you can draw no spark until you turn the machine. The beautiful statue may exist in the artist's brain, and it may also be said in a certain sense to exist in the marble block that stands before him; but he must bring forth his brains and his hands to bear

upon the marble, and work hard and long in order to produce any practical result. Success also depends in a good measure upon the man's promptness to take advantage of the rise of the tide. A great deal of what we call luck is nothing more nor less than this. It is the man who keeps his eyes open and his hands out of his pockets that succeeds. "I missed my chance," exclaims the disappointed man when he sees another, more alert, catch eagerly at the opportunity. But something more than alertness is needed; we must know how to avail ourselves of the emergency. An elastic temperament, which never seems to recognize the fact of defeat, or forgets it at once, and begins the work over again, is very likely to ensure success. Many a merchant loses one fortune to build up another and a larger one. Many an inventor fails in his first efforts, and is at last rewarded with triumph. Some of the most popular novelists wrote very poor stuff in the beginning. They were learning their trade, and could not be expected to turn out first-class work until their apprenticeship was over. One great secret of success is not to be discouraged, but always be ready to try again.

Pure benevolence is a flower of beauty rare, of fragrance sweet. It seldom blooms on earth, whose climate is too cold. In heaven, its native soil, it grows luxuriantly.

WRITTEN BY THE SEASIDE AT FULL MOON—
TIME, MIDNIGHT.

Not a cloud in the sky, not a voice on the breeze ;
Not a wave on the far-spreading breast of the seas ;
Each edge of the moon, like the sun in his might,
Is bound with a belt of the fullest orb'd light.
While the vessels that sit on the face of the deep,
Seem fixed to the waters in motionless sleep.
'Tis the full harvest-moon, what a heavenly night !
All nature reposes in silvery light.

Though the world were my own with its valleys and hills,
And I ruled into silence its myriads of rills,
What more could I feel of sweet solitude here—
What more of enjoyment, though lord of a sphere ?
While man is asleep, and the pure azure skies
Have opened their million of diamond-like eyes,
And yon bright little star that the moon claims her own,
Is abroad with its mistress, as star never shone !
All is love, all is beauty, all hush'd into rest—
O God ! that man's heart should be ever oppressed—
Hark ! a voice by the shore and a splash on the sea,
'Tis some fleeting bark that now skims o'er the sea,
The music keeps time with the beings that row,
And the song, like a spirit, comes mellow and low ;
'Tis enough ! I'll to bed and reflect on the scene,
And my heart shall improve from a sight so serene.

FAULT FINDING.

There is a disposition in some to view unfavorably everything that falls under their notice. They seek to gain confidence by always differing from others in judgment, and to depreciate what they allow to be worthy in itself by hinting at some mistake or imperfection in the performance. You are too lofty or too low in your manners; you are frugal, or too profuse in your expenditure; you are too taciturn, or too free in your speech; and so of the rest. Now, guard against this tendency. Nothing will conduce more to your uncomfortableness than living in the neighborhood of ill nature, and being familiar with discontent. The disposition grows with indulgence, and is low and base in itself; and if any should be ready to pride themsvlves on skill and facility in this science, let them remember that the acquisition is cheap and easy, a child can deface and destroy. Dullness and stupidity, which seldom lack inclination or means, can cavil and find fault, and everything can furnish ignorance, prejudice and envy with a handle of reproach.

Love one human being purely and well, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven is like the wandering sun. It sees nothing from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

SYMPATHY.

From a richly stored green house, despised and neglected,
Sad, injured, and broken, a lily was thrown ;
Once loved by its owner, now coldly rejected ;
Once tended with care, now abandoned in scorn.

From the cold, piercing wind, from the tempest un-
shielded,
The sorrowing plant soon had withered and died.
When this heart full of sympathy, tenderly yielded
The kindly affection its owner denied.

Though the hand that should foster had injured the
blossom,
And left the lone plant to a merciless doom,
Yet the dew-drop of pity, infused on its bosom,
Revived it again to a flourishing bloom.

And now o'er the land that with tenderness cherished,
The plant that had suffered so cruel a part,
The buds gaily opened, that well-nigh had perished,
Dropped the nectar of gratitude warm from the heart.

Ah ! so with myself, when once, sad, broken-hearted,
The laboring sigh all my sorrow betrayed ;
Such the sweet consolation by friendship imparted,
To heal the deep wound that misfortune had made.

And such be forever the loved recollection,
 Of balm kindly poured in this bosom of woe ;
And such be the tribute of grateful affection
 While life's purple stream in my bosom shall flow.

THE STAR OF MY HOME.

I remember the days when my spirit would turn,
 From the fairest of scenes, and the sweetest of song,
When the hearth of the stranger seemed coldly to burn,
 And the moments of pleasure for me were too long ;
For one name and one form shone in glory and light,
 And lured back from all that might tempt me to roam.
The festal was joyous, but was not so bright
 As the smile of my mother, the Star of my Home !

I remember the days when the tear fill'd my eye,
 And the heaving sigh wildly disturb'd my young
 breast ;
But the hand of that loved one the lashes would dry,
 And her soothing voice lull my chafed bosom to rest.
The sharpest of pain and the saddest of woes,
 The darkest, the deepest of shadows might come :—
Yet each wound had its balm, while my soul could re-
 pose
On the breast of my mother, the Star of my Home !

But now let me roam the wide world as I will,
There's no form to arise as a magnet for me !
I can rest amid strangers and laugh with the gay—
Content with the pathway where'er it may be ;
Let sorrow or pain fling their gloomiest cloud,
There's no haven to shelter, no beacon to save ;
For the rays that e're led me are quenched by the shroud,
And the Star of my Home has gone down in the grave.

ELIZA COOK.

QUARRELS.

One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is to quarrel—no matter with whom—man, woman or child ; or on what pretences, provocations, on occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians, politicians, lawyers, doctors, and princes quarrel ; nations, tribes, corporations, men, women, children, dogs, and cats, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is anything in the world will make a man feel bad, except pinching his finger in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one ; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his

sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we get on, the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

SAINT PATRICK.

Be Eire blessed at evening hours,
When sunset gilds her smiling bowers,
When whirlwinds howl! my blessing be,
My generous Eirin, still on thee;
With thee be every blessing given
From skies benign by favoring heaven;
Be blessings on thy battle blades,
And blessings on thy bashful maids;
Blest be the fisher tribes that roam
Thy darkening surge and whitening foam;
Oh! blessed be thy stormy night,
And blessed, too, thy morning bright;
And blessed be thy waving corn,
And every babe in Eirin born!

IN A RAILWAY CAR.

A crowd of men in a railway car
Sat talking of many a thing;
Of the price of goods, and the chance of war,
The weather and tardy spring.
They stopped at a roadside very soon,
For a maiden, young and fair,
With a face as fresh as a rose in June,
And a wealth of bright brown hair.

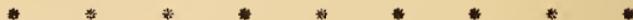
Just for a moment all were still,
Then a youth said, with a jeer,
“ She’d join our set if she had her will,
Did you see her glance up here?
I’ll just step forward and speak to her,
And humor her little plan ;”
And he smiled the weak and silly smile
Of a vain and thoughtless man.

“ Sit still !” said one in a corner chair ;
“ If you have a sister, sir,
Respect the sisters of other men,
Though but for the sake of her.
How would you feel if she stood there,
And I, with a scornful jeer,
Should ask—forgetting my own bold stare—
‘ Did you see her glance up here ? ’ ”

“ That's so !” said another, angrily ;
“ And it might have been my Grace,
For she visits right often a family
That lives pretty nigh this place.
And the man that spoke of my daughter so
Couldn't ride in a car with me ;
And so, young sir, you had better go
Where fathers are scarcer ! See ?”

“ 'Tis always my plan,” said a gray-haired man,
“ To do as a good man should ;
Think every woman, both old and young,
And pretty and plain, are good ;
For I have a mother and sister at home,
I have a daughter and wife,
And I'm bound to say that every day,
They're the comfort and joy of life.

“ And plenty of men have wives like mine,
And daughters as fair and sweet,
And gray-haired mothers, as good and true,
And sisters as kind and neat ;
And I say that he who will fling a sneer
Or a doubt at a girl—why, then,
He's neither worthy of woman's love,
Nor worthy to sit with men.”



So the youth went out with a very red face ;
And nobody missed him a moment's space ;
And perhaps he has learnt, if ever he can,
That to sneer at a woman is shame to a man.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Along the streets one day with that swift tread
He walked a living king—then, “ He is dead,”
The whisper flew from lip to lip, while still
Sounding within our ears the echoing thrill
Of his magician’s voice, we seemed to hear,
In notes of melody ring near and clear.

So near, so clear, men cried, “ It cannot be !
It was but yesterday he spoke to me ;
But yesterday we saw him move along,
His head above the crowd, swift-paced and strong ;
But yesterday his plan and purpose sped,
It cannot be to-day that he is dead.”

A moment thus, half-dazed, men met and spoke,
When first the sudden news upon them broke :
A moment more, with sad acceptance turned
To face the bitter truth that they had spurned.
Friends said through tears, “ How empty seems the
town,”
And warring critics laid their weapons down.

He had his faults, they said, but they were faults
Of head and not of heart—his sharp assaults
Flung seeming heedless from his quivering bow,
And heedless striking either friend or foe,
Were launched with eyes that saw not foe or friend,
But only shining far, some goal or end,

That compassed once, should bring God's saving grace
To purge and purify the human race.
The measure that he meted out he took,
And blow for blow received without a look,
Without a sign of conscious hurt or hate,
To stir the tranquil calmness of his state.

Born on the heights and in the purple bred,
He chose to walk the lowly ways instead,
That he might lift the wretched and defend
The rights of those who languished for a friend.
So many years he spent in listening
To these sad cries of wrong and suffering.

It was not strange, perhaps, he thought the right
Could never live upon the easeful height,
Nor strange indeed that slow suspicion grew
Against the class whose tyrannies he knew.
But bitter and unsparing as his speech,
He meant alone the evil deed to reach.

No hate of persons winged his fiery shaft.
He had no hatred but for cruel craft,
And selfish measurements, where human Might
Bore down upon the immemorial Right.
Ee'n while he dealt his bitterest blows at power,
No bitterness that high heart could devour.

How at the last this great heart conquered all,
We know who watched above his sacred pall—
One day a living king he faced a crowd
Of critic foes ; over the dead king bowed
A throng of friends who yesterday were those
Who thought themselves, and whom the world thought,
foes.

NORA PERRY.

GLADSTONE.

Near that dim threshold where death lurks in wait
To clutch the crown of seasons long delayed,
By weakling's base desertion undismayed
He stands, majestic, by the load of state
Unbowed, undaunted, equal still to Fate.
Not rank, nor wealth, nor prejudice arrayed,
Nor hate, nor hope, may make his soul afraid,
Whose fruit of aim is certain, ripe though late.
When the brave falter and the strong grow cold,

With hand unshaken by all-palsying age
He writes the word of Justice on the page,
Where wrong for generations hath been scrolled.
Oh! nation-shaking tongue, oh! voice of gold,
And heart that years nor seasons may make old!

Land of pure women and heroic men,
Whose sons through age-long darkness bravely grope
To pluck the flower of long too hopeless hope;
Dwellers in lonely huts by bog and fen,
Still fierce to drive the robbers from their den,
Still aiming straight at your immortal scope,
With old and newer foes still stanch to cope—
When dawns now near your day of triumph, then
When hymns are chanted and when thanks are said
To all who loved you in the darker days—
When the full glory of a people's praise
To light through lingering and tempest led,
Shines like the front of heaven among the dead.
Wreathe then the immortal wreath for that white head.

The two most precious things on this side the grave
are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented
that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the
one, and the weakest weapon, of the other. A wise
man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair
name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to
live as not to be afraid to die.

MUSIC AND SONG.

We've relics, curious and rare,
Brought home from famous nooks,
And music sweet, and pictures fair,
And heaps of fine old books.

The power of music over mankind can hardly be estimated, and there are very few people in the world who are not influenced by it. Among all nations, and in every clime, its power is acknowledged, and all, from the monarch on his throne, to the poorest peasant in his realm, pay allegiance to it.

From the earliest times we read of its power, and who, in moments of discouragement and sadness, or, perhaps, when the spirit has been stirred by passion deep and strong, has not felt the sweet, quieting effect of music, and understood why it was that Saul, the ancient King of Israel, sought for the fair shepherd boy to charm away the evil spirit with his harp.

Thousands of weary slaves have beguiled their toil by singing their wild, strange melodies, and legions of tired soldiers have marched steadily forward, mile after mile, almost unconscious of fatigue, as they kept time to the inspiring music of their regimental bands.

We all know the power of eloquence, but the power of a beautiful voice in song is even greater, touching the inner recesses of our hearts, and awakening the deepest emotions.

of our souls. It is related that once upon a time, a noted singer was passing through the market-place of the city of Lyons, when a woman and child asked alms of him. Pausing to assist her, he discovered that he had no money with him ; but, wishing to help her, taking off his hat, he sang his best, hastily giving the money collected to the beggar.

“ The singer pleased, passed on, and softly thought,
Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought ;
But when, at night, he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,
And flowers rained on him. Naught could assauge
The tumult of the welcome, save the song
That for the beggar he had sung that day,
While standing in the city's busy way.

Oh, conscience ! conscience ! man's most faithful friend !
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend ;
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh, woe for me ! his deadliest foe.

CRABBE.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

(Among the poetic legacies that will “ never grow old, nor change, nor pass away,” is the noble dirge of Shirley in his “ Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.” Doubtless it was by the fall, if not by the death, of Charles I., that the mind of the royalist poet was solemnized to the creation of the imperishable stanzas. Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of them, to have been seized with great terror and agitation of mind.)

The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be even made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar now.
See where the victor-victim bleeds ;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

'Tis an excellent world that we live in—
To lend, to spend, or to give in ;
But to borrow or beg, or get a man's own,
'Tis just the worst world that ever was known !

CHILDREN.

The smallest are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun. Were I only for a time almighty and powerful, I would create a little world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mildest sun—a world where I would have nothing but lovely little children, and these little things I would never suffer to grow up, but only to play eternally. If a seraph were worthy of heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell for a while in my happy infant world. And no angel, so long as he saw their innocence, could lose his own.

JEAN PAUL.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION OF A BOOK.

The following eighteen occupations are engaged in the production of a single book : The author, the rag-merchant, the paper-maker, the stationer, the quill-dresser, the ink-maker, the type-founder, the press-maker, the roller-maker, the chase-maker, the pressman, the compositor, the reader, the folder, the gatherer, the stitcher, the twine-merchant, the thread-merchant.

FROM THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“ At summer eve, when Heaven’s ethereal bow
Spans with high arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life’s unmeasured way ;
Thus from afar, each dim discover’d scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.”

THE SPIRIT GUIDE.

BY AUGUSTUS LARNED.

Far in the realms of Arctic night,
Where flames the weird auroral light,
And icebergs loom on every hand,
Enchantress of that lonely land,
The patient dark-skinned Esquimaux,
A little grave shapes in the snow.

And o'er the ice-plain, bleak and wild,
The murmuring mother bears her child,
In fury garment, softly rolled,
Who ne'er again shall feel the cold,
And lays him on the icy breast
To take his last and final rest.

And there beside the little mound
The father slays his fleetest hound,
A creature of unerring skill,
Of keenest scent, of docile will,
To trace for haunts of seal and bear,
That stock the little ice-hut there.

He lays the faithful beast and brave,
Low down beside his baby's grave,
And says: "The little one will stray,
Through night and darkness far away,
His tender feet have never trod,
And cannot find the path of God."

“ Now guide him safe from night and cold,
Far out to realms of purest gold,
Where flowery meads and crystal streams
Are smiling to the sun’s glad beams,
Where rise abodes of joy and mirth,
And feasting fills the happy earth.”

Consoled the parents homeward wend,
And leave the baby to the friend,
Who for protection and defence,
Has proved a gentle providence,
Sure that the dog, so true and wise,
Will find the gates of Paradise.

The way to be happy is to take the days of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives.

The boy must learn to be happy while learning his trade ; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

Ingratitude closes the door to Heaven’s gifts, acknowledgment of them keeps it open. If you desire the treasures of Paradise to be opened to you, be always grateful to your sovereign benefactor.

S. LEONARD, OF PORT MAURICE.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
Which, seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home ! home, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gaily that come to my call ;
O, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all !

Home ! home, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

Let us try to be happy ! some shades of regret
Are sure to hang round, which we cannot forget ;
There are times when the lightest of spirits must bow,
And sunniest face wear a cloud on its brow.
We must never bid feelings the purest and blest
Lie blunted and cold in our bosom at rest ;
But the deeper our own griefs the greater the need
To try to be happy, lest other hearts bleed.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive.—SCOTT.

A RECEIPT FOR COOKING HUSBANDS.

A Baltimore lady has written a receipt for "cooking husbands, so as to make them good and tender." It is as follows:—A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by management. Some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up; others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating wayward words, others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by their silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tints, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of finest porcelain is best, if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak.

They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be crusty and burned on the edges, since like crabs and lobsters you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear steady fire out of love, cheerfulness and neatness. Set him as near this as it seems to agree with him. If he sputters and frizzes, do not be anxious ; some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but must be used with judgment. Do not stick sharp instruments into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watch the while, lest he be too flat and close to the kettle and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children. And he will keep as long as you want unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.—*TIT BITS.*

Man that man would be
Must rule the Empire of himself, in it
Must be supreme, establish his throne on
Vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears.—*SHELLEY.*

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the rose will hang round it still.—*MOORE.*

OH! THE SHAMROCK.

THOMAS MOORE.

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wandered,
With Wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squandered ;
Where'er they pass,
A tripple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As Emerald, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming !
Oh ! the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief
Old Erin's native Shamrock ! .

Says Valor, "See . . .
The sprig for me,"
"Those leafy gems of morning ;"
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning !"

But Wit perceives,
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh ! do not sever"
And cries, "Oh ! do not sever"
A type that blends
Three god-like friends,
"Love, Valor, Wit, forever!"
Oh ! the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock.
So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather !
May Love as shoot
His flower and fruit,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
May Valor ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom !
Oh ! the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

THE IRISHMAN.

BY J. GRAHAM.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air,
Then why shouldn't Erin's sons adore
An Isle which nature formed so fair?
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great or pastoral Ban :
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?
His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide,
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride ;
He may be duped, but won't be dared ;
More fit to practice than to plan ;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.
If poor and strange, he'll for you pay,
Or guide to where you safe may be ;
If you're his comrade, while you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His very soul he will unlock,
And if he may your merits scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in weal or woe,
 Whate'er she bids he dares to do,
Try him with bribe, it won't prevail ;
 Put him in fire, you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, be his post
 Whate'er it may in danger's van ;
And if the field of fame be lost,
 It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin's loved land, from age to age,
 Be thou more great, more famed, and free ;
May peace be yours, or should you wage
 Defensive war— reap victory.
May plenty flow in every field,
 Which gentle breezes sweetly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
 The breast of every Irishman.

BYRON.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark,
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come :
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A solemn hush is in the air ;
Awe lays her finger on my lip,
And nature seems to bend in prayer
Claiming with me companionship
In love and reverence, to-day,
For the great man whose grave is here,
The martyr o'er whose dust I lay
The silent tribute of a tear.

What deep emotions fill the soul
Beside this grave, as we look back
And see again the war-cloud roll
Across the horizon, grim and black.
For one to lead them came the cry—
It echoes on our ears to-day ;
The heart of Lincoln makes reply,
His words the mustering millions sway.

I see the grave and earnest man,
With steadfast purpose in his eyes,
Stand facing dangerous times to scan
With anxious look the threatening skies.

I hear him speak, his words are brave,
With faith that God would show the way.
He did, and left to us this grave,
From which he spoke to us to-day.

I live again those April days,
When people cried, "Our chief is dead!"
And questioned, in their grief's amaze,
Of who should lead as he had led.
I hear the nation's bitter cry
Of sorrow for the man who fell,
As peace across the stormy sky
Flashed out its rainbow miracle.

Thy loss was not our loss alone,
O martyr'd chieftain true and tried ;
The great world claimed thee as her own,
With all a mother's loving pride.
And many a heart beyond the sea,
Who breathed with thee in freedom's air,
Cried out in tribute unto thee,
"We lost our noblest brother there!"

Rest, Lincoln, with thy work well done,
No more the land is filled with strife ;
The soldier father tells his son,
In peace, the lesson of thy life ;
From North and South, men meet to-day,
As brothers, by thy place of rest,
The spot is holy ground, we say,
The sacred Mecca of the West.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June, 1885.

THE DAY LILY.

BY NOAH PERRY.

Just for a day, for a day,
I breathe into bloom ;
Just for a day, for a day,
I shed my perfume.

Just for a day, for a day,
“Alack and Alas,
How fleeting and brief thy stay,”
They cry, as I pass.

But fleeting and brief, I give
The wealth of my soul
Just for the day I live,
Without stint or control.

What more can a life bestow
Ere it passes away,
Than its all, though its warmth and glow
Be but for a day.

Oh ! Love, how are thy precious, sweetest minutes,
Thus ever crossed, thus vexed by disappointment,
Now pride, now fickleness, fantastic quarrels,
And sullen coldness give us pain by turn.—Row.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

The language of flowers was doubtless known to the ancients, and it would appear that the Greeks understood the art of communicating a secret message through the medium of a bouquet; at all events, garlands were conspicuous among the emblematic devices of antiquity.

Flowers, the emblems and the favorites of the fair, are not everywhere prized merely for their beauty and their fragrance; invention has created from them symbolic phrases for expressing the sweet sentiments of the heart. This language is most generally used by the Turkish and Greek women of the Lévant, and by the African females on the coast of Barbary. A nosegay, or garland of flowers, ingeniously selected and put together for the purpose of communicating in secret an expressive language, the sentiments of the heart, is in the Greek called a salaam (salutation). It often happens that a female slave corresponds with her lover merely by the arrangement of flower-pots in a garden. Written love letters would often be inadequate to convey an idea of the feelings which are thus expressed through the medium of flowers. Thus, orange flowers signify hope; marigold, despair; sunflowers, constancy; roses, beauty, and tulips represent the complaints of infidelity.

This hieroglyphic is known only to the lover and his mistress, in order to envelop it the more completely in

the veil of secrecy ; the significance of the different flowers are changed in conformity with a pre-concerted plan. For example—the rose is employed to express the idea which would be attached to the amaranth, the gillyflower is substituted for the pomegranite blossom.

The language of flowers is much employed in the Turkish harem, where the women practice it for the sake of mere diversion in their solitude, or for the purpose of secret communication.

The following are some of the emblematic significations which have been attributed to different flowers, shrubs and trees.

THE ALMOND TREE signifies indiscretion. It is the first of the trees to obey the call of early spring. Nothing can be more graceful than this beautiful tree when it appears covered with blossoms when the surrounding trees are naked. It has been made the emblem of indiscretion from flowering so early that frost too often destroys the precious germs of its fruit, though, instead of injuring its flowers, they seem to confer on the latter additional beauty.

PASSION FLOWER. In the passion flower there is a representation of the crown of thorns, the scourge, the cross, the sponge, the nails, and five wounds of Christ, whence its name.

SAGE, esteem. The common garden sage has ever been held in great esteem by all domestic practitioners

for its medicinal virtues. By the ancients it was supposed to prolong life; hence a line by one of their poets which signifies—"How can a man die in whose garden there grows sage?"

MIGNONETTE. Your qualities surpass your charms.

LILY OF THE VALLEY. Return of happiness; also, humility.

PEPPERMINT. Warmth of feeling. Minthe was surprised by Proserpine in the company of her gloomy spouse. The enraged goddess changed her rival into a plant, which seems to comprehend in its double flower the coldness of fear and the warmth of love. This plant we cultivate by the name of peppermint.

HELENIUM. Tears. The flowers of the helenium resemble small suns of a beautiful yellow. They blow in autumn with the asters. They are said to have been produced by the tears of Helena.

PINE APPLE. You are perfect.

ROMCULUS. You are radiant with charms.

WORMWOOD. Absence. Absence, according to La Fontaine, is the worst of evils. Wormwood is the bitterest of plants. Its name, derived from the Greek, signifies without sweetness.

HEART'S-EASE. Think of me.

MARIGOLD and CYPRESS. Despair. Cypress is the emblem of death; the marigold of sorrow. The combi-

nation of the two expresses despair.

WHITE VIOLET. Candor. Candor precedes modesty. It is a violet still clothed in the color of innocence.

VIOLET. Modesty. Ion, the Greek name of this flower, is traced by some etymologist to Io, the daughter of Midas, who was betrothed to Ate, and changed by Diana into a violet, to hide her from Apollo. The beautiful and modest flower still retains the bashful timidity of the nymph, partially concealing itself amidst foliage from the garish gaze of the sun. Hence it has been ingeniously given as a device to an amiable and witty lady, of a timid and reserved disposition, surrounded by the motto.

ILFAUT-MA-CHERCHER. I must be sought after.

DAISY. Innocence. Fabulous history informs us that the daisy owes its origin to Belides, one of the nymphs called Dryads, who were supposed to preside over meadows and pastures. While dancing with Ephignes, whose suit she encouraged, she attracted the admiration of Vertumnus, the deity who presides over orchards, and, to escape from him, she was transformed into the humble flower, the Latin name of which is Bellis.

NARCISSUS and **DAFFODIL.** Self-love. The ancients attribute the origin of this flower to the metamorphosis of a beautiful youth, named Narcissus, who, having slighted the love of the nymph, Echo, became enamored of

his own image, which he beheld in a fountain, and pined to death in consequence. The Narcissus also is said to signify unrequited love.

HAWTHORN, or White Thorn. Hope. Among the Turks a branch of the hawthorn expresses the wish of the lover to receive a kiss from the object of his affections.

TULIP. Declaration of love.

WHITE ROSE BUD. Too young to love.

PERIWINKLE. Tender recollections.

PINK. True love. Yellow pink, disdain.

ROSE. Love.

“ Hundred Leaved. Grace.

“ Monthly. Beauty ever new.

“ Musk. Capricious beauty.

“ Single. Simplicity.

“ White. Silence.

“ Withered. Fleeting beauty.

“ Yellow. Infidelity.

According to the ancient fable, the red color of the rose may be traced to Venus, whose delicate foot, when she was hastening to the relief of her beloved Adonis, was pierced by a thorn that drew blood.

“ Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.”

The origin of that exquisitely beautiful variety, the moss rose, is thus fancifully accounted for :

“ The angels of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay.
The spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds with dew from heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose,
‘ O, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair,
For the sweet shade thou’st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, ’tis granted thee.’

“ Then said the rose, with deepening glow,
‘ On me another grace bestow.’
The spirit paused in silent thought.
What grace is there this flower has not?
’Twas but a moment—o’er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws.
And, robed in Nature’s simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?”

LILY—Majesty. According to the heathen mythology there was originally only one species of Lily, namely, the orange-colored ; and the white was produced by the following circumstances :—Jupiter being desirous to render Hercules immortal, prevailed on Juno to take a deep

draught of nectar, which having been prepared by Somnus, threw the queen of the gods into a profound slumber. Jupiter took advantage of this to place the infant Hercules to her breast, that the divine milk might ensure his immortality. The infant, in his eagerness, drew the milk faster than he could swallow it, and some drops fell to the earth, from which immediately sprang the White Lily.

CAROLINA JASMINE. Separation.

THORN APPLE—Deceitful charms. The flower of the Thorn Apple, like the charms of nocturnal beauties, droop while the sun shines beneath their dull-looking foliage ; but, on the approach of night, they revive, display their charms and unfold their prodigious bells, which nature has covered with purple, and lined with ivory ; and to which she has given an odor that attracts and intoxicates, but is so dangerous as to stupify those who inhale it even in the open air. The fruit is equally poisonous.

MYRTLE. Love.

HONEYSUCKLE. Generous and devoted affection.

BROOM—Humility. In the years 1, 2, 3, 4, St. Louis, of France, after the coronation of his queen, chose the flower of this plant as the insignia or a new order of knighthood. The members of this order were a chain composed of flowers of the Broom, entwined with white enamelled lilies from which was suspended a gold cross,

with the inscription, “*Exahalla humules*, He exalteth the humble.”

This plant called in Latin, Genista, and in French, Genet, gave the name of Plantagenet to the sovereigns of England for several centuries. Geoffry, Count of Anjou, it is said, first acquired the name of Plantagenet from the incident of his wearing a sprig of Broom on his helmet on a day of battle. From this Geoffry and Matilda, or Maud, Empress of Germany and daughter of Henry First of England, descended all the Edwards and Henrys.

Another tradition respecting this illustrious name is, that a prince of the house of Anjou having killed his brother to enjoy his principality, afterwards repented, and made a voyage to the Holy Land to expiate his crime, scourged himself with a rod every night made from the plant Genet, Genista, Broom. Hence the name Plantagenet.

STRAWBERRY. Perfection.

ST. JOHN'S WORT. Superstition.

JASMINE. Amiability.

POPPY. Consolation.

CORN. Riches.

PERUVIAN HELIOTROPE. Devote attachment.

HOLYHOCK. Ambition.

SUNFLOWER. False riches; also constancy, from its

habit of following the course of the sun, a notion adopted by the poets, and not without reason.

"As the sunflower turns on his god, when he sets,
The same look that he gave when he rose."

MEADOW SAFFRON — Best days are passed. This flower springs up and blooms amidst the damp grass of the meadows when the leaves are falling from the trees, and the aspect of nature betokens decay.

SCARLET GERANIUM. Stupidity.

MARVEL OF PERU. Timidity.

OAK. Hospitality.

AMARANTH. Immortality.

DEAD LEAVES. Sadness, Melancholy.

IVY. Friendship.

MISTLETOE. I surmont all difficulties.

Moss. Maternal love.

LAWNSTINUS. I die if neglected.

LAUREL. Glory.

PARSLEY. Festivity.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM. Divinity.

HOP. Injustice.

SNAP DRAGON. Presumption.

ROSE SCENTED GERANIUM. Preference.

WALNUT. Strategem. The city of Amiens was taken by the Spaniards, in 1500, by a singular stratagem. Some soldiers, disguised as countrymen, came up to the gates with a cartload of walnuts. Here they untied one of the

sacks containing the nuts, the latter fell out as soon as the gate was opened, and the cart began to move. While the guards were busy picking them up a body of Spaniards, who were in ambush, fell upon them and made themselves masters of the city.

QUINCE. Temptation.

LONDON PRIDE. Frivolity.

WHITE LILAC. Youth.

LILAC. First emotions of love.

IRIS. Message.

PENCILLED LEAF GERANIUM. Ingenuity.

DOCK. Patience.

WILD DAISY. I will think of it.

CHINA ASTER. After-thought.

ACACIA. Friendship.

PLUM TREE. Keep your promise.

SWEET WILLIAM. Finesse.

LARKSPUR. Lightness.

ICE PLANT. Your looks freeze me.

GRASS. Utility.

WILD GERANIUM. Steadfast piety.

GARDEN DAISY. I share your sentiments.

ANEMONE. Forsaken.

SNOWDROP. Hope.

VALERIAN. Accommodating disposition. The red Valerian grows naturally on the rocks of the Alps, and from the facility with which it propagates itself in the

garden, or on old walls, it is made the emblem of an accommodating disposition.

THYME.—Activity. Activity is a warlike virtue, associated with true courage. It was on this account that ladies of chivalrous times embroidered on the scarf which they presented to their knights, the figure of a bee hovering about a sprig of Thyme, in order to recommend the union of the amiable with the active. Where Thyme is growing there is always a scene of activity. Flies of all shapes, beetles of all hues, light butterflies, and vigilant bees forever surround its flowery tufts.

PAUL JONES.

It was a stately Southerner that carried the Stripes and
Stars,

The whistling wind from west sou'west blew through her
pitch-pine spars;

With her starboard tacks on board, my boys, she hung
upon the gale,

On an autumn night, as she raised the light of the old
Head of Kinsale.

For nightly garb our frigate her three large topsails wore,
The spanker and the standing jib, with courses main and
fore;

The swelling seas beneath her bow in creamy foam she
spread,

And, sending below her bosom in snow, she buried her
lee cat-head.

No thought was there of shortening sail by him who trod
the poop,

Though by the weigh of her ponderous jib the boom bent
like a hoop.

The groaning chess-trees told the strain that carried the
stout main tack,

But he only laughed as he looked abaft at her bright and
silvery track.

Now what is that on our larboard bow, that hangs upon
our lee?

It's time our good ship hauled her wind abreast of the
Saltee,

For by her ponderous spread of sail, and by her taut of
spar,

We knew that our morning visitor was an English man-
of-war.

Then up spoke our commander, not a frown was on his
brow,

“ Quick ! lay aloft, my gallant lads, spare not your can-
vas now ;

We fly aloft the Stars and Stripes against the Royal boast,
Paul Jones, the terror of the seas, can whip them round
their coast.

"Loose all your canvas fore and aft, loose all and give
her sheet;
The swiftest keel that cuts the deep in all the British fleet
Comes thundering down upon us with the white foam at
his bow,
So lay aloft, my gallant lads, spare not the canvas now!"
'Twas thus our gallant Captain spoke, and scarce a mo-
ment passed,
When royal and to'gallant yards were crossed upon each
mast;
The British gave a rousing cheer from the deck of their
covered ark,
We answered them back with a scornful shout from the
deck of our patriot bark.
The fog hung heavy on the deep from Fethard to Carn-
sore,
The mist it had not cleared away, but still obscured the
shore;
With light sails set and booms rigged out, and stun'sis
hoisted away,
Down the Irish Channel Paul Jones he bore before the
break of day.

A shoemaker once made shoes without leather,
With the aid of the elements all together,
Fire, water, earth and air,
And each of his customers took two pair.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

When this fair land, by Heaven defended,
Arose to champion human right,
And, freedom's battle fought and ended,
Saw Freedom's self enthroned in might,
Around the world this song resounded,
While from each heart the echo bounded,—
Ever happy, ever free,
Land of light and liberty.

No herald for thy banner blended
Symbol and shield and curious crest;
But Heaven herself thy birth attended,
And bared for thee her azure breast.
Her fairest hues thine advent greeted,
And star by star the song repeated,—
Ever happy, ever free,
Land of light and liberty.

Land of the mighty ! through the nations
Thy fame shall live and travel on ;
And all succeeding generations
Shall bless the name of Washington.
While year by year new triumphs bringing,
The sons of Freedom shall be singing,—
Ever happy, ever free,
Land of light and liberty.

Columbus, on his dauntless mission,
Beheld his lovely isle afar ;
Did he not see, in distant vision,
The rising of this Western star,—
This queen who now, in state befitting,
Between two ocean-floods is sitting?—

Ever happy, ever free,
Land of light and liberty.

As sunward still, with sovereign pinion,
The eagle mounts against the gale,
Against Oppression's proud dominion,
The sword of Freedom shall prevail.
The grandest theme on history's pages,
A tower of strength amid the ages,—

Ever happy, ever free,
Land of light and liberty.

Thus fixed on freedom's firm foundations,
To God, thy fervent thanks upraise,
Amid the world's loud gratulations,
Be truth and justice still thy praise.
Be this thy watchword,—Love and Duty.
O land of glory ! land of beauty !

Ever happy, ever free,
Land of light and liberty.

H. B.

MORRISVILLE, BUCKS COUNTY, PA.

LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day,
And Care, with his train, came to drive him away ;

“ I will not depart,” said Love.
And, seizing his lute, with silver words,
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,
And played so sweet, so entrancing an air,
That a grim smile lit up the face of Care :

“ Away—away !” said Love.

“ Nay, nay, I have friends !” grim Care replied ;
“ Behold, here is one—and his name is Pride !”

“ I care not for Pride !” said Love.
Then touching the strings of his light guitar,
Pride soon forgot his lofty air,
And seizing the hand of a rustic queen,
Laugh’d, gambolled, and tripp’d it o’er the green.

“ Aha—aha !” said Love.

“ Away with your jeers !” cried Care ; “ if you please ;
Here’s another—lank, haggard, and pale Disease !”

“ I care not for him !” said Love.
Then touched a strain so plaintive and meek,
That a flush pass’d over his pallid cheek ;
And Disease leap’d up from his couch of pain,
And smil’d, and re-echoed the healing strain.

“ Well done for Disease !” said Love.

"Pshaw—pshaw!" cried Care; "this squalid one see!
How likest thou the gaunt look of Poverty?"

"I care not for him!" said Love.

Then struck such a sound from his viol's strings.
That Poverty shouted aloud, "I am a king!
The jewelled wreaths round my temples shall twine—
For the sparkling gems of Golgonda are mine!"

"Aye, aye—very true!" said Love.

"Nay, boast not," said Care; "there is fretful old Age.
Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage!"

"I care not for Age!" said Love.

Then swept the strings of his magic lyre,
Till the glazed eye sparkled with youthful fire;
And Age dropped his crutches, and, light as a fay,
Laugh'd, caper'd, and danced, like a child at play.

"Bravo, Sir Eld!" said Love.

"A truce!" cried wrinkled Care, "with thy glee!
Now, look on this last one—'tis Jealousy!"

"Ah me! ah me!" said Love.

Her green eye burns with a quenchless fire—
"I die! I die!" Then dropping his lyre,
Love flew away from his cherished bower,
And never returned from that fatal hour!

Alas, for the blighted Love!

KATHLEEN O'NIALL.

It was the eve of holy Saint Bride,
The abbey bells were ringing,
And the meek-eyed nuns at eventide
The vesper hymns were singing.

Alone, by the well of good Saint Bride,
A novice fair was kneeling :
And there seem'd not o'er her soul to glide,
One "stain of earthly feeling."

For ne'er did that clear and sainted well,
Reflect from its crystal water,
A form more fair than the shadow that fell
From O'Niall's lovely daughter.

Her eye was bright as the blue concave,
And beaming with devotion :
Her bosom fair as the foam on the wave
Of Erin's rolling ocean.

Yet oh ! forgive her that starting tear ;
From home and kindred riven,
Fair Kathleen, many a long, long year,
Must be the bride of heaven.

Her beads were told and the moonbeams shone
Sweetly on Callen water :
When her path was crossed by a holy nun,
Benedict fair daughter.

Fair Kathleen started. Ah ! well did she know—
 Oh ! what will not love discover?
The country's scourge, and her father's foe,
 'Twas the voice of her Saxon lover.

“ Raymond !” “ Oh ! hush, my Kathleen, dear.
 My path is beset with danger,
But cast not, love, those looks of fear
 Upon thy dark-haired stranger.

“ My red roan steed's in yon culdee grove ;
 My bark is out at sea, love ;
My boat is moor'd in the ocean, love,
 Then haste away with me, love.

“ My father has sworn my hand shall be
 To Sidney's daughter given,
And thine to-morrow will offer thee
 A sacrifice to heaven.

“ But away, my love, away with me,
 The breeze to the west is blowing ;
And thither across the dark blue sea,
 Are England's bravest going,

“ To a land where the breeze from the orange bowers
 Comes o'er the exile's sorrow ;
Like the light-winged dreams of his early hours
 Or his hope of a happier morrow.

“And there in some valley’s loneliness,
By wood and mountain shaded,
We’ll live in the light of wedded bliss,
Till the lamp of life be faded.

“ Then thither with me, my Kathleen, fly,
The storms of life we’ll weather,
Till in bliss beneath the western sky,
We’ll live, love,—die together.”

“ Die, Saxon, now !” at that fiend-like yell,
A hundred swords are gleaming ;
Down the bubbling stream, from the tainted well,
His heart’s best blood is streaming.

In vain he doffed his hood so white,
In vain his falchion flashing ;
Five monkish brands through his corslet bright,
Within his heart are clashing.

His last groan echoing through the grove,
His life blood on the waters,
He dies—thy first, and thy only love,
O’Niall’s hapless daughter.

Vain, vain, was the shield of that breast of snow ;
In vain that eye beseeched them ;
Through his Kathleen’s heart, the murderous blow
Too deadly aimed had reached him.

The spirit fled with the red, red blood
Fast gushing from her bosom ;
The blast of death has blighted the bud
Of Erin's loveliest blossom.

'Tis morn, in the deepest doubt and dread,
The gloomy hours are rolling ;
No sound save the requiem for the dead,
Or knell from the death bell tolling.

'Tis dead of night ; not a sound is heard,
Save from the night wind sighing,
Or the mournful moan of the midnight bird,
To yon pale planet crying.

Who names the name of his murdered child ?
What spears to the moon are glancing ?
'Tis the vengeful cry of Shane Dymas, wild,
His Bounacht men advancing.

Saw ye that smoke on the moonlight last,
Fire from its darkness gleaming ?
Heard ye that cry in the moonlight blast,
The voice of terror shrieking ?

'Tis the fire from Ardsallach's * willow'd height,
Tower and temple paling ;
'Tis the groan of death, and the cry of fright,
From monks, for mercy calling.

* The height of Willows. The ancient name of Armagh.

On being playfully asked by two pretty girls which one he should prefer, if he were going to make a choice :

“ How happy could I be with either,” was said,
By Macheath, to his two wives in the play ;
But were two such “ charmers ” as you in their stead,
He could not wish either away.
Oh, no ! until death with such angels he’d grapple—
They both are so temptingly fair ;
That as Adam lost heaven by eating an apple,
I’d forfeit my chance for a pair.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Helping a handsome young lady out of a mud puddle.

“ I’m a tickler friend to you,” as the snuff said to the nose. “ I shall be glad to hear from you at any time,” as the deaf man said to the trumpet. “ Let me collect myself,” as the man said when he was blown up by the powder mill “ Loaded with slugs,” as the gardener said to the cauliflower.

A country gentleman’s answer to a lady who sent her compliments on the ten of hearts :

Your compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere ;
You sent ten hearts, thy tithe is only one,
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

THE ROSE.

A rose dropped from her bosom,
And he caught it as it fell ;
Was there no tale that to his heart,
That drooping rose could tell ?
Did he not look upon her cheek,
And see one fading there,
That once had worn as deep a blush,
And looked as young and fair ?

And when her small and trembling hand
Replaced the proffered flower,
O'er the bright haven of her brow,
Did no dark shadow lower ?
Started no tear in her full eye,
Heaved not her virgin breast ?
Gushed there no feeling on her heart,
To speak it ill at rest ?

And when he has left her there,
And taken another's hand,
And led her out to move with him
Amidst that mirthful band,
Must he not feel that his neglect
Has touched her to the core ?
And from her heart-fount turned away
Joy's tide for ever more ?

This incident upon which the above song is founded, was at the time at which it occurred, the subject of fashionable remark. The Hon. Mr. R. a professed roue, and a character in more than one celebrated novel, had made considerable progress in the affections of Lady — when some other object attracted his attention, and he suddenly neglected her. On the occasion alluded to, the young lady was crossing the room to speak to a friend, when she unwittingly dropped a rose which she wore at her bosom, and R., who was passing at the time, picked it up, and presented it with his usual inimitable sang froid. Lady — could hardly conceal her emotion.

AGAINST THE WILL.—Nothing is ever done in the best manner that is done without delight. The self-denial that is performed as a burdensome duty is far less valuable, for its life and spirit are crushed out. The stranger who takes charge of a child may rigorously compel himself to undergo whatever self-denial he thinks necessary to the child's welfare ; but let the mother come, with her full, loving heart, and the sacrifice she makes for its good, without a shade of regret or hesitation, will outweigh a hundred times in real effectiveness the heaviest self-imposed burdens of the other. The same is true of every kind of labor and in every relation of life.

Despair is the shroud of hope. When hope dies all is desolation ;—the mind is a sepulchre, the world is a desolate waste.

IF TO LOVE THEE IN SILENCE:

If to love thee in silence, in gloom, and its sadness
Be love that has charms for a spirit like thine,
Oh! give the world all thy spring-time of gladness.
For joy is no lure to a passion like mine.
I wish not, I ask not, to share in the hour
When thy soul flashes forth its most eloquent gleams,
Give me but the moment when feeling has power,
And the heart can recall all its earliest dreams.

Oh! then be the world's while its pleasures can charm
thee,
And wit's meteor flashes illumine thy way ;
But be mine when the glow of affection can warm thee,
And spread o'er thy spirit a kindlier ray.
Let others rejoice in the halo around thee,
The bright beams of fame that are over thee cast ;
I ask but to know that the chain which has bound thee
So fondly to me, will cling on to the last.

A man should neither be a hermit, nor a buffoon. Human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy ; nor so happy that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world ; nor at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

KITTY'S PRAYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL."

'The misthress is dyin', the docthors have said so,
Och, who'd be a docthor, to bring us our deaths?
To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head so,
A feelin' the pulses, an' countin' the breaths!
To drive to our doors in a vehicle stately,
Outstretchin' a hand for a fee on the sly,
To settle our deaths for us very complately,
An' very contintedly leave us to die!

"The misthress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground 'neath her tread,
She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' and pretty—
Is there no cross ould woman could go in her stead?
She trates us so kindly, we think it an honor
To larn from herself her own ilegant ways.

I lov'd her the minute I set my eyes on her,
. An' what will I do whin she's dead, if you plase?

"I hate our fine docthor! he ought to be cryin',
But smil'd as he ran to his carriage and book,
Jist afther he told us the darlint was dyin'—
Shure if she recover'd how quarè he would look.

I know he's a janius—the best in the city—
But God's above all—even docthors—who knows?
I am but a poor little sarvint," says Kitty,
"But even a sarvint can pray I suppose."

So, down on her knees in a whirl of emotion,
With anger and grief in a terrible swing,
Her Irish tongue praying with utter devotion,
In faith that but few to their praying can bring.
The poor little servant—her tears flowing over—
Implor'd with a force that my verse cannot give,
With the zeal of a saint and the glow of a lover,
That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in
His stupefied sorrow, just holding her hand—
He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer in,
In fact, he was dazed, and could scarce understand.
Her delicate lips had a painful contraction,
Her sensitive eyes seemed sunken and glazed ;
He knew in his heart there could be no reaction,
He just sat and saw her—in fact he was dazed.

A pallor less ghastly—the eyelashes quiver—
Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise—
Grim Death retrogrades, with a sad little shiver—
She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes !
A wonderful hope—is it hope? is it terror?
Leaps up in his heart while he watches his wife—
Is it life before death? is it fancy's sweet error?
Or is it—or can it be—verily Life?

Oh, send for the doctor—death hangs on each minute—
They wait for his fiat, as that of a god—

Who sagely remarks that there is something in it,
Granting leases of life with an autocrat's nod.
Joy rings through the house that was silent in sadness ;
The master believes that he ne'er felt despair,
And Kitty, the servant, laughs out, mid her gladness,
To think that they none of them, knew of her prayer.

SONG OF THE PANSIES; OR TWO FACES
UNDER A HOOD.

BY J. A. WADE.

Come hither ! come hither ! in us you will find,
True emblems of all sorts of hearts ;
Sweet woman in every change of her mind,
Proud man's in his deepest of arts.
When a maiden first time, to a fond lover's sighs,
Says "No," in a petulant mood,
It's a thousand to one, from the glance of her eye,
She has two faces under a hood.

When an old maid of sixty, or youth of sixteen,
Tries hard with affection to gaze ;
Then cries, "how extravagant, dear, you have been,"
Same time his extravagance pays,—
Why, he's deeply grateful, she's proud to assist ;
But for us, be it well understood,
Take one or the other, whichever you list,
There are two faces under a hood.

When two hearts are plighted in one holy vow,
And the hope-wreath of joy has been torn
By death or dishonor from his honest brow,
And heart's-ease from her the forlorn !
Oh ! think as a minstrel when asked to begin,
Mid a crowd that is joyous and rude,
And not "Pansies for thought," like her sorrow within
For she's two faces under a hood.

In truth there is nothing but falsehood around
In this treacherous planet of yours,
One moment with beautiful flowers you are crown'd,
The next but a thorn endures.
And yet you have spirits, whose whimsical spell
Can charm e'en variety's mood,
Humor, wit, poetry, music, all dwell
In your two faces under a hood.

Love is the shadow of the morning
Which decreases, as the day advances.
Friendship is the shadow of the evening,
That strengthens with the setting sun of life.

The value of a friend and the price we set on a person
is seen in our way of defending him in his absence.

Marriage is defined by someone to be two nods and a
prayer.

THE COVENANTER'S SON.

Young Allen of the Highlands, my brother dear is gone,
And dreary, through the long, long night, I sit and weep
alone ;
My fancy hears his spirit voice, within the twilight dim,
And sleep brings but an aching dream of days gone by,
and him.
Of him, and of that fearful hour when from our own fire-
side,
And from the Bible where he knelt to seek his soul's true
guide,
They dragged my brother forth to death—to death—as
'twas a crime
To worship as our fathers, in the Covenanters' time ?
My mother shrieked—her woe was wild—she clasped
their cruel knees,
But tears, nor yet her sad grey hairs, might plead with
men like these ;
They dragged him to the lonely moor, that dark and
dreadful night,
And slew him there, amidst our cries and prayers, before
our sight.
I saw him kneel, in manly bloom, their deadly guns be-
fore—
I clasped him in my arms a corpse, all cold, and red with
gore,

They left me to my misery—like slaves of guilt they fled,
With the curse of Heaven, and the brand of Cain upon
their head.

My mother like one half deranged, lay moaning wild and
deep,

And gazing on the corpse—that gaze had made a fiend
to weep;

I would have whisper'd comfort, had not anguish stopped
my breath;

I would have pray'd, but all my words burst forth in
shrieks of death.

We buried him in secret, and in secret wept him dead;
But from that night my mother pined, and never left her
bed,

I toil for food from morn to eve, and soothe her as I may,
But what can heal a broken heart, recall the mind's lost
ray?

And he, the truest, best of friends, young Bruce of Ron-
edell,

Hath sued me to become his bride—and, oh! I love
him well;

But never will I quit thy side—no, no! my mother dear,
Though he should choose another, some lovelier bride,
and leave me here!

Some happier one who loves him more, but that could
never be,

Oh, if, if,—I should lose my love, my mother dear, for thee—

If coldly he should turn away, and other maiden wed,
Then, mother let me die with thee—thy grave my bridal bed.

FORGIVENESS.

It is remarked by Steele, in one of his admirable papers in the *Guardian*, that “A coward has often fought; a coward has often conquered; but a coward never forgave.” This shows a fine discrimination of the cowardly character.

To pass over an offence is a very different thing from forgiving it. There are very few who are capable of that full forgiveness of the heart and understanding which is contemplated in Christian doctrine. Some forgive from indolence, some from carelessness, some from sensibility. To forgive utterly, and out of a sense of duty, is that act of obedience and self-government after which we should strive. Cowards are too malignant to have any notion of this.

CALUMNY is like the wasp, that teases, and against which you must not attempt to defend yourself unless you are certain to destroy it, otherwise it returns to the charge more furious than before.

THE WORLD.—The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whom it came.—LONGFELLOW.

THE OATH.

“Do you,” said Emma, t’other day,
“In earnest, love me, as you say,
Or are those tender words applied,
Alike to fifty girls beside?”
“Dear cruel girl, cruel I forbear,
For by those cherry lips I swear”—
She stopped me, as the oath I took,
And said—“You’ve sworn—so kiss the book!”

WHAT A FRIEND OUGHT TO BE.—May my friend never express, even by a glance, more interest in me than he really feels, still worse would it be, if, from a mistaken spirit of kindness he should forbear to dissent from my opinions or practice. God forbid, that when I look to friendship as a firm rock to sustain me in any given emergency, I should find nothing but a mask of concession. Better a nettle in the side of my friend, than to be merely his echo.—EMERSON.

INDEX.

PAGE	PAGE		
Adam's Sleep	40	Breath	207
Adieu	34	Bright Silver Lily	97
Affection	125	Byron	260
Affection	66, 75	Calumny	295
Against the Will	287	Canteen	32
Age	129	Caprice	89
Allen A'Dale	189	Cat	109
Ambition	167	Character	214
An Exile's Song	111	Charity	205, 207
Arab Maxims	116	Children	144, 250
Aspen	194	Choral Workman's Song	77
At the Tomb	100	Circassian Slave	35
Baronet's Telescope	18	"Come"	81
Beautiful Extract	285	Conscience	218
Beautiful Reflection	146	Coon Hnnting	54
Beauty	21	Covenanter's Son	293
Be Brave	108	Countenance	126
Beecher, Henry Ward	221	Courage in Woman	33
Bells of Shandon	149	Cultivation of Woman's Mind	34
Benevolence	14	Day Lily	263
Better Late than Never	52	Death	115
Bigotry	203	Death's Final Conquest	249
Bivouac of the Dead	154	Debt	162
Blacksmith Interviewed	103	Decoration Day	159
Blush	203	Despair	287
Book	251	Discontent	153
Bride's Father	7	Discord	117
Bravery	60	Domestic Etiquette	127

	PAGE		PAGE
Dying Flowers	46	Guardian Angel	55
Eastern Woman	212	Happiness	91, 253
Endure Hardships	192	Harp of O'Carolan	184
Envy	195	Heart	175
Elegance does not Make a Home	147	"Heart that Loves Not"	123
Epistle to a Young Friend	120	Holy Life	74
Eric and Axel	106	Home	49, 59, 115, 165
Evil Speaking	153	Home Music	165
Faith, Hope and Charity	205	Home, Sweet Home	254
"Fare Thee Well"	57	Honor to Bergh	93
Fault Finding	236	Hope	140
Fearful Man	226	Human Understanding	192
Female Purity	190	How to Talk Well	183
Female Virtue, etc.	124	I'd Be a Butterfly	98
First Love	55	If to Love Thee in Silence	288
Flattery	198	I Love Her, How I Love Her	25
Flowers	115	In a Railway Car	241
Forgiveness	295	Independence	79
Forge	180	Independent	163
Freedom	14	Indolence	6
Friend	183	Influence	208
Friendship	66, 92, 156, 162,	Ingratitude	253
From Good Housekeeping	210	"I Remember, I Remember"	119
From Moore's Sacred Songs	168	Irishman	259
Front and Side Doors	60	It Spoils a Man to Marry Him	20
Funeral of Napoleon	151	Ivy	224
Gentle Words	47	Jealousy	24
Give me the Hand	199	Kathleen O'Neill	281
Gladstone	191	Keeping His Word	141
"God Save Liberty"	245	Kindness	112
Good Advice	186	Kind Words	203
Good Breeding	203	Kitty's Prayer	289
Good Book and a Good Wo- man	129	Labor	182
Good Education	164	"Land that We Left," etc.	134
Good Name	210	Language of Flowers	264
Good Wife	74	Lawyer	207
Gouhana Barra	138	Life	109
Grattan	201	Life's Combats	207
Grave of Burns	138	Light and Flowers	56
Grave of Lincoln	230	Lines on a Skull	139
Graves of a Household	261	Lines Written Upon Seeing Mulvaney's Picture	42
Great Varieties	26	Little Minds	23
	172		

PAGE	PAGE
Little Things	55
Living	76
Long Years Have Passed	15
Looks and Tones,	86
Love	135, 187, 236, 263, 292
Love and Care	279
Loves of the Plants	209
Man	288
Man and His Maker	51
Man I Love	13
Manly Qualities	174
Man Must Rule Himself	256
Mary MaChree	44
Mariner's Farewell to His Ship	27
Matrimony	46
Memory of the Dead	18
Mirth	172
Modesty	60
"Moll" Pitcher at Mon- mouth	216
Money	145, 176
Money Question	161
Moralities	193
Morn's Offering	16
Music and Song	247
My Native Land	46
Napoleon's Grave	196
National Hymn	277
Night Walker	61
Noble Souls	125
No Letters	85
Nothing is Lost	38
Oak Tree	229
Oath	29
Oh! Fly to the Hills	188
Oh! the Shamrock	257
Old Enough	91
Only a Dog	94, 158
On the Rhine's Returning into Germany	78
Our Actions	192
Paddy's Excelsior	136
"Papa What is a News- paper?"	30
Parrot	41
Parting Song	130
Patience	153
Patriot's Last Appeal	166
Paul Jones	274
Peep at the Public Man	206
People will Talk	88
Perfume of a Flower	153
Phillips, Wendell	243
Plea for the Dove	80
Pleasures of Hope, extract from	251
Poetry	5, 76
Pole's Adieu	6
Politeness	40, 215
Prayers I Don't Like	110
Prodigals	167, 207
Pure Benevolence	234
Quarrels	239
Receipt for Cooking Hus- bands	255
Recommended to the Atten- tion of M.	136
Recreation	44
Reform	145
Renunciation	119
Reputation and Life	246
Respectability	175
Responsibility of Manhood	96
Retrospection	24
Rivals	11
Rose	286
Rural Felicity	207
St. Patrick	240
Scatter the Gems of the Beau- tiful	69
Sea	157
Secret	129
Shakespeare's Epitaph	197
Sheridan's Ride	67
Shipwreck	169
Shoemaker	276

	PAGE		PAGE
Silence	9	Trifles	5, 112
Simple	169	Trooper to His Mare	200
Simplicity of Dress	82	True Love	141
Sin	187	Truth	43, 126, 145
Sincerity	164	Tsar Oleg	231
Small Courtesies	172	"Turn Out"	75
Snow	34	Two Charmers	285
Somebody's Mother	170	Two Flags	131
Song	29, 49, 53, 87, 99, 148,	Uncle Tom's Glimpse of Glory	92
Song for Boys	215	Vase	256
Song of the Pansies	291	Value of Time	129
Sonnets	23	Vanity	46
Sound Doctrine	112	We Meet in Crowds	197
Span of Life	124	We Might Have Been	204
Spirit Guide	252	What a Friend Ought to Be	296
Stanza	21, 211	What is Hope	225
Star of My Home	238	What is Love	24
Star Spangled Banner	163	What Might Have Been	227
Stranger's Heart	198	When I am Dead	178
Street Arab	71	Will Watch	113
Sublime Truth	82	Wish	56
Success in Life	233	Woman	10, 73, 190
Swarm of B's Worth Having	102	Woman—a Dialogue	63
Sympathy	237	Woman's Ability to Act	162
Ten Hearts	285	Woman's Fate	173
Thought, A	12	Woman's Influence	9, 37
Three Different Things	147	Woman's Love	19
Time	144	Woman's Question	83
'Tis Sweet to Love in Childhood	8	Women in Conversation	105
To _____	39	Work	79
To the Violet	28	World	250, 296
To Thine Own Self Be True	248	Worth Knowing	214
Traducer	146	Written by the Seaside	235
Tranquility	126	Yes and No	205



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